THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIII. No. 1737

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MAY 6, 1933

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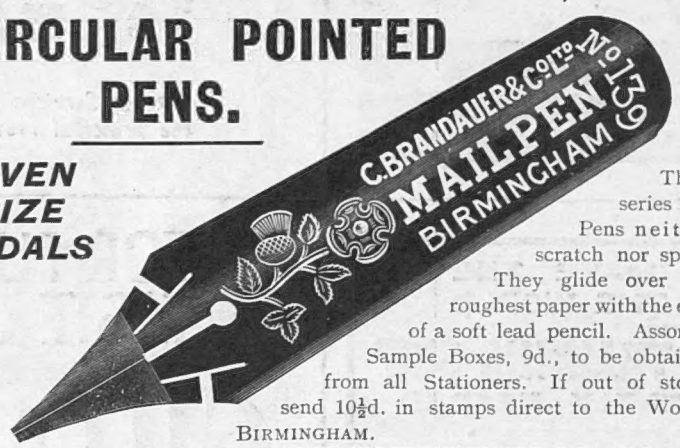

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Volume CXXXIII No. 1737

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, May 6, 1933

THE WINGLESS AUTOGIRO

Señor de la Cierva, the Inventor, Demonstrates his New and Simplified Machine at Hanworth Aerodrome

When the Autogiro, that strange craft that could hover in mid-air, first came before the public attention it was received with interest rather than enthusiasm. Here was something too revolutionary to meet with immediate acceptance. But with the persistence of the inventor Señor de la Cierva continued to experiment, and by constant improvements and modifications has evolved the remarkable wingless machine which he is seen in the above picture demonstrating at the London Airport, Hanworth. This latest type, known as the *C. 30*, is such a marked improvement over previous autogiros that the Air Ministry has decided to order a large four and five passenger machine—a success for the inventor which clearly foreshadows for this type of craft an important future. The *C. 30* Autogiro, which is capable of taking off from the ground in the remarkably short space of six yards, is chiefly notable for the manner in which it has been simplified. It will now change motion in any direction—sideways, upwards, or downwards, through the tilting of the horizontal rotors, and the rudder, ailerons, and elevators, still essentials of more orthodox craft, are now dispensed with. The machine, with its Armstrong-Siddeley Genet engine, is capable of a speed of 100 m.p.h. Its lowest speeds are, however, of much importance, while its ability to land vertically suggests its future use in cities in a manner quite beyond the scope of the ordinary aeroplane

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THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET: A picture taken at Burlington House during the annual dinner of the Roya Sir William Llewellyn, is in the chair and on his right is the Duke of Gloucester, the principal guest, wh and skill. Among those in the group are: The Earl of Crawford, Lord D'Abernon, Lord Greenwood, Si Derby, the Earl of Harewood, Sir Edwin Lutyens, and Mr. Stanhop

THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR: "Miss Anna Christine Thompson," by Gerald F. Kelly, R.A., is being hailed on every side as the most outstanding picture at this year's Royal Academy. Mr. Kelly, who became an R.A. in 1930, has had a long and distinguished career, but this latest portrait is without doubt one of the finest examples of his craftsmanship ever exhibited. It is, of course, reminiscent of Boucher's portraits of the flounced Pompadour, but it has a style and distinction of its own. Other notable portraits which are attracting attention this year are Mr. A. J. Munnings' "A Fox for a Hundred," Mr. James Gunn's "Delius," and Mr. Harold Knight's "The Parlour Maid." Reproductions of these and other Academy pictures appear on pages 210 and 211 of this issue

346, STRAND,
W.C.,
Wednesday,
May 3, 1933.

BUDGET REFLECTIONS.

—Immediately after giving birth to a Budget, a Chancellor is accorded a brief hour of peace and congratulation. A few bunches of flowers are offered, a few kind words said. None were more sincere than the general verdict that few if any Budget statements have been more lucid or concise than Mr. Chamberlain's. Then we turn to a more critical examination of the baby—and truth compels us to admit that it is as ugly as sin and looks rickety—a product of hard times and a mean environment. Mr. Chamberlain "forsook the counsel of the young men"; he declared unequivocally that common sense and honour demanded a balanced Budget, and that all theories of judicious unbalancing are anathema to honest Englishmen—a sentiment with which I for one agree. Yet—soberly considered—what sort of balance is this? In bald simile, Mr. Chamberlain is in the position of a ruined nobleman who rejects the proposal of his advisers that he should cut down the expenses of his stables, gardens, pantry, and still-room, sell his yacht, and dispose of his racing establishment and London house, and proceeds to "balance his budget" by neglecting his commitments on mortgage interest and making no provision for debts incurred during a riotous youth. There is not one serious proposal for reducing the intolerable and outrageous burden of Services expenditure. Now, as ever, the Civil Supply Services remain on the £320,000,000 mark. Still the redundant departments flaunt their huge claims, still the new and old permanent secretaries draw their £3,000 a year salaries, and the secretaries' secretaries brew their after-luncheon cups of tea in perfect serenity. There is not another country left on earth where such salaries are paid at the top, where such redundant departments are maintained to tread on each other's toes, where so many sinecure offices are retained because the dignity of our historic past condemns mean and petty economies. "Your grace is a childless widower and your grace still keeps six maids in the still-room." "Damme, Jenkins, a feller must have a biscuit." That, in this year of crises, is still the attitude towards economy of the Government. It is enough to break one's heart; it is enough to rob the National Government of some of our sympathy. It is high time we had as Premier a man who sometimes stays at home, looks into his account books, and listens to the warnings of his bailiffs. Before the War there were no more than five "plums" in the Civil Service carrying a salary of £2,000 p.a. To-day there are fifty posts carrying salaries between £2,000 and £3,500 a year. And this post-War squandermania is accepted by Parliament as irremediable—or trivial.

BETRAYED BY THE TAX-PAYER.

—More than one Chancellor has admitted that the estimating of yield from income and super-tax is not so difficult as it might appear. There are means of forecasting it with peculiar accuracy. In income-tax alone, Mr. Chamberlain was £8,000,000 out. But, as he explained, his figures were all right, but he had banked on a heartier response from the nation in the matter of arrears. It "responded nobly" last year. Why shouldn't it go on responding nobly for ever? True, 12,000 persons had fallen off the super-tax level since 1931, and it rather looked as if personal incomes were falling. The yield has actually dropped by £70,000,000 a year in two years! There was not a man in this country, outside the Government, who did not a year ago know from personal experience that income-tax estimates could not be realized. Indeed, it is a shrewd enough moment to choose to restore the equal instalment system, since many of the poorer income-tax payers will pay this year three-quarters of nothing. But, after all, let us reflect that Mr. Chamberlain is perhaps better able to judge of how things are, and may be, than poor, disappointed you and I. There *are* indications—notably in the latest advices from two great industrial concerns like Lever's and Dunlop's—that income-tax receipts may soon look up again. The burdens added (justly, no doubt) to the heavy motor industry are still undetermined, and fall far short of what the Salter Report recommended, and the income-tax variations imposed on co-operative societies have still to be carried in the face of a powerful and well-organized opposition. The brewers and the home match-makers alone will be silent in a general chorus of lamentation. It is perhaps as well that London's joy week is postponed till 1934. There are none but permanent officials likely to have the heart to revel in the streets in 1933.

THE MUSEUM OF WORLD ECONOMICS.

—Museum Land—the source of that weariest river which winds somewhere safe to sea, the Cromwell Road—will always have melancholy associations for me. It stands for dusty, musty exhibits, dead birds, old clothes, scrap iron, and relics of the Great Exhibition. But these museums are

THE PASSING PAGEANT: Royal Academy last

Academy on Saturday night. The President, drew an interesting distinction between art David Murray, Lord Lee of Fareham, Lord Forbes, R.A.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

much more tasteful and efficient nowadays, and the newest of them all, the new Museum of Geology, is to be the setting for the World Economic Conference fixed to begin on June 12. There are crowded hours of glorious life ahead for sleepy, respectable South Kensington; and let no man (but me) make cheap jokes about geological exhibits and economics. The command is laid upon the world experts that "these stones be made bread," and if the miracle be accomplished South Kensington will be first with the news. And, if it be not accomplished, South Kensington will be left to hold the baby, a new museum of geology and world economics combined. For the exhibits of the one will answer very well for the other — fossilized weapons labelled tariff-barriers, the iron-stone of prejudice and tradition, the heavy clays of international mistrust. But it may be there is a happy choice in this venue, the Exhibition Road. No one expected much to come of Prince Albert's great idea. But it made his reputation and great days for world trade followed it. We may yet raise another gilt-canopied memorial in Kensington and tie a new label on the Cromwell Road.

THE WAVE OF SUICIDE.

—Rather more than a century ago, our nation was painfully disturbed by the prevalence of suicide among public men. In swift succession, Paull, Whitbread, Romilly, and Castlereagh died by their own hands. Many theories have been advanced to account for that wave of suicide, and one generally accepted was the riotous living and drinking of the age and the still more dangerous cure of the ills which followed, by bleeding and lowering the system. There is no such riotous living to-day, but suicide is still deplorably prevalent, not so much among politicians as among public men in financial and other spheres of life. It leads one to reflect that there is a common factor in these two waves of self-destruction separated by a century. Each wave coincided with the aftermath of a world-war, which had loosened all our notions of the sanctity of human life and all sense of a man's duty to endure his miseries till Nature released him, and which brought inevitably in its wake material and spiritual miseries demanding all the strength of human philosophy to combat. We have learned from the War that intolerable responsibility attacks the heart (consider the untimely deaths of most of our War Commanders): introspection and egotism attack the brain.

"OLD MASTERS."

—The Tooth Gallery in Old Bond Street is showing until the 13th a loan exhibition of landscapes by John, Sickert, Innes, Gore, Grant, Steer, and Smith. All these painters are generally grouped together, though their methods are so diverse. It is an exhibition you should not miss, if only to hear the comments of the visitors. These painters, living and dead, are now, to their admirers, Old Masters, as to our fathers Reynolds and Gainsborough are Old Masters. The moderns regard them and their works with an indulgent smile, much as the reformer of to-day regards the Whigs of 1832. Yet to scores of men of more than sixty years of age who claim to possess an understanding taste in art, they are still loosely dismissed with an "I can't make head or tail of what these modern impressionists are driving at." Stand beside one of Sickert's obscurer landscapes and you will appreciate my remarks. Of this collection the late Spencer Gore's "Panshanger Park" stands out triumphantly. Here was a man untimely snatched away by death. He must have gloriously enriched our country if he had lived out his life and continued to advance in his art, his understanding, and his sympathy. And Innes, also, always appeals to a hide-bound ignoramus like myself. I could live with his "Arenig" (lent by Mr. Jasper Ridley). In this little show I see sometimes a hint that the art of my lifetime will come full circle.

SOME GARDENS TO SEE.

—Now that the gardens of Britain are opening again for the cause of nursing, I am reminded that many SPHERE readers in the past years—especially visitors—have appreciated advice as to the gardens best worth viewing. The List appears weekly in *The Times*. The scheme grows year by year more popular and satisfactory to all concerned, owners, gardeners, and visiting public. I will first deal with some Surrey gardens opening in May. Lovers of what is old, romantic, and exquisite, I urge not to let slip the chance of seeing Sir F. Ponsonby's house, Great Tangley. It is opened on Monday, May 29 (stations, Guildford and Shalford). It was, I believe, originally a hunting lodge of King John's. Its Tudor front, closes, and moat are incredibly lovely. Wonersh Park (The Mill House), also near Guildford, comes under the same category and is well worth seeing. It opens on Sunday, May 14. Experts will always find new thrills at Frensham Hall (station, Haslemere), which is full of rarities. Lady Cawdor opens it on Friday, May 19, when the azaleas should be a blaze of glory. Here flourish trees, and shrubs, and plants collected from the four corners of the earth. On Saturday, May 27, Sir R. Garton opens Lythe Hill, and his gigantic new rock garden is well worth seeing. So is the view from the terrace (Haslemere Station). Finally, Mr. Lloyd George's unpretentious Surrey cottage, Bron-y-de, Churt, (Farnham), opens on Sunday, May 21. Nearer home, in the environs of London, I recommend Osterley, Isleworth, Lord Jersey's splendid Adam house (open Saturday, May 20), and Sir Christopher Wren's house, the old Court House, at Hampton Court (open on the same day). And further afield than the home counties, there are Lord Salisbury's Cranborne Manor, a glorious old place in glorious surroundings (Saturday, May 13); Bowood, Calne; and the Manor House, Mells (Frome), the home of "Jack Horner," in a setting superlatively lovely.

HOPE FOR THE INVESTOR.

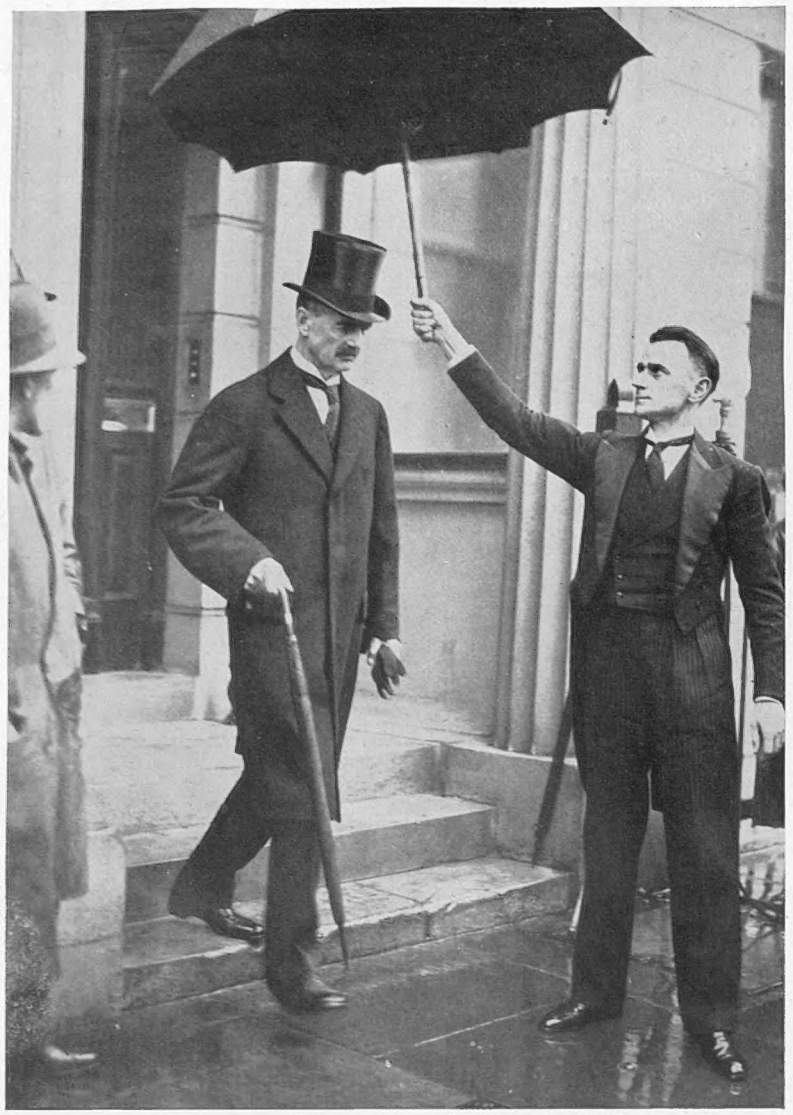
—The prudent investor is almost thinking of raising his stricken head from his pillow. He has digested the astonishing news that Lever's had last year the highest profits of its existence, and that Dunlop's has resumed a modest dividend on its ordinary shares, written down "to the bone" as they have been. Highly contentious trade agreements follow one another. That just concluded with the Argentine may affect the widow and orphan, who a few years back confidently invested their small fortunes in, say, the Consolidated Debenture Stock of the B.A. and Pacific at 80, and have for two years received no interest, and seen that 80 drop to below 20. It may be that the definite if partial effort to unfreeze the exchanges which the Argentine loan is designed to accomplish will bring nearer the date of resumption of such interest, if the mutual trade concessions stimulate any activity. Mr. Roca's mission has for weeks been fêted over here and has enjoyed itself, but it worked between meals. The difficulties were immense. On our side the Ottawa agreements, on the other the Argentine's existing commitments to other countries, restrained generosity. Each side has given away all it possibly can. And then there are the Home Railways. The Southern has positively raised its head on passenger receipts. A better coal trade may do something for the Heavies. The modified implementation of the Salter Report cannot but help them all a little in the fierce competition with road transport.

A POSTCARD.

—A week or two ago, I deplored the campaign of persecution in Germany against men of genius on the grounds of their Jewish origin. Nor do I appear to be alone in the opinion that such a campaign outrages the feelings of all educated men who value those virtues which alone make social life tolerable—a love of liberty and of justice, a sense of humour and dignity, an appreciation of merit, a discerning taste, and above all an impartial tolerance. But a certain 100 per cent. Briton from Hampstead is not on our side. On a grubby postcard he has scrawled as follows: "Haven't we already enough persons of the Trotsky and Bela breed for you Kosher writers? Aren't the arson, receiving, bankruptcy trades prosperous enough? Haven't the souteneur and white-slave businesses attained sufficient development? And does our country need more wealth-creating industries like the vending of dope and Hollywood films? As your nasal pets are all Marxists why not advise them to seek refuge in Soviet-land?" How clearly I can visualize this little autocrat of the British breakfast-table laying down his approved newspaper and the law. "As an Englishman, sir, with an Englishman's traditional love of fair play, etc. etc." But I rather like my new label, "The Kosher writer." THE OLD STAGER

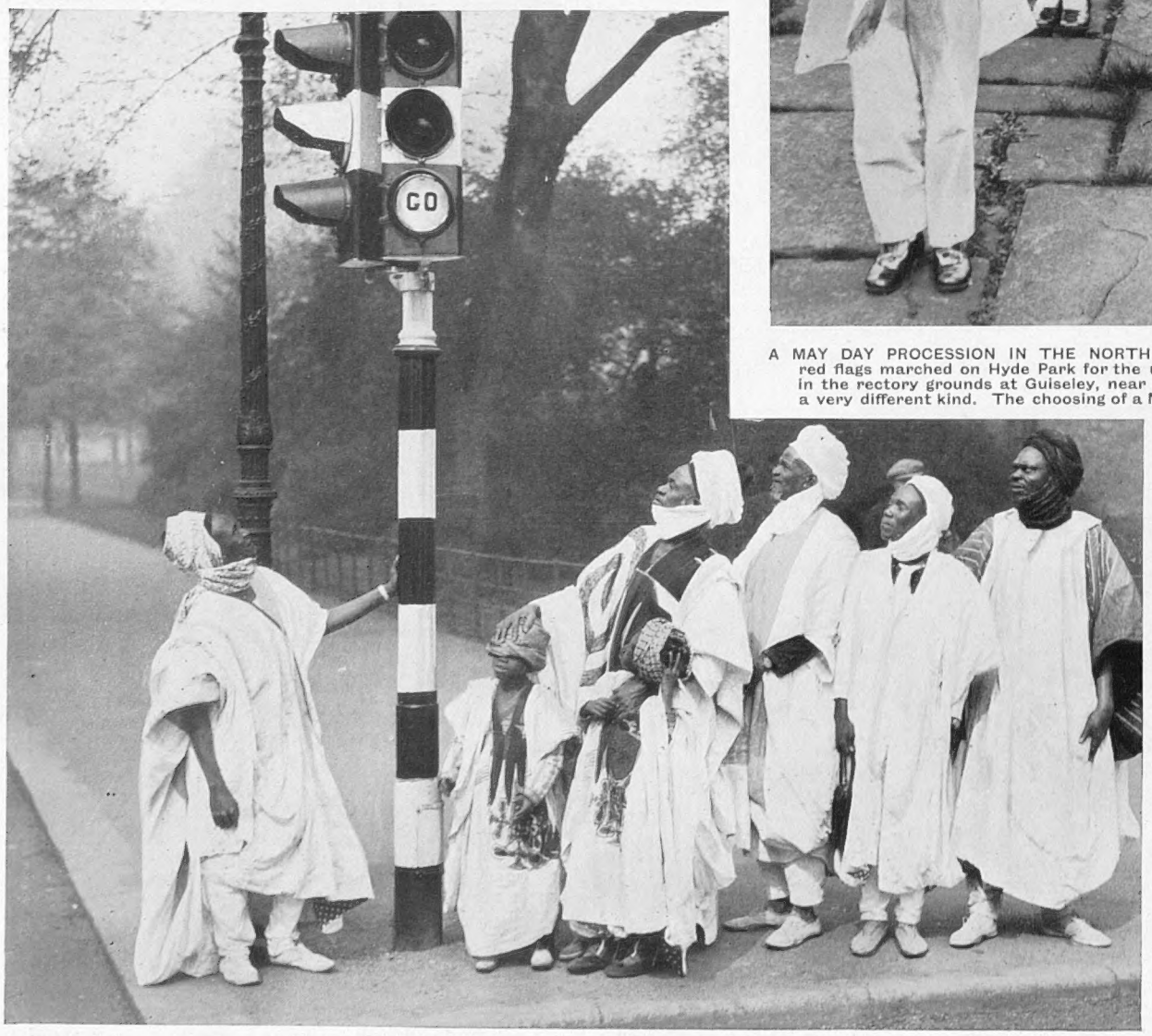
OF NOTABLE VISITORS ON PRIVATE VIEW DAY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: As usual the "Private View" attracted many hundreds of visitors to the galleries of the week. Among those who attended were: Left to right—Lady Pamela Smith, Miss Sheila Berry, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple Champneys, Lady Moira Coombe, Lady Clonmell, Dame Laura Knight, A.R.A., Lady Melchett, and Lord Conway

SEVEN DAYS OF



"SUNSHINE STILL MUST FOLLOW RAIN," wrote Sir Edwin Arnold, the distinguished Victorian poet, but all the Chancellor was able to do of any note in his second Budget was to reduce the beer tax. He is seen in this picture leaving for the House of Commons before delivering his all-important speech

A MAY DAY PROCESSION IN THE NORTH: While demonstrators with their banners and red flags marched on Hyde Park for the usual bout of unfettered speech, these children in the rectory grounds at Guiseley, near Leeds, celebrated the day with a procession of a very different kind. The choosing of a May Queen is still a popular custom in the North



A PRINCELY SIGHTSEER FROM NIGERIA: Alhaji Muhamman Dikko, Emir of Katsina, Northern Nigeria, arrived in London during the week-end for a short stay. On Monday the Emir and his party made a sightseeing tour of the City, and are seen in this picture inspecting the traffic lights in Hyde Park. The Emir rules over a population of 700,000 and an area of 800,000 square miles

THE EPSTEIN PRIVATE VIEW DRAWS A week to see the much-discussed Epstein clear indication of the

CURRENT HISTORY

'COCK O' THE NORTH: Dixie Dean, Everton's captain and prolific goal scorer, carrying the Football Association Cup in triumph from the ground at Wembley after his team had beaten Manchester City in the final by three clear goals. In successive seasons Everton have been Second and First Division champions and Cup winners—a remarkable record

A PROMINENT PERSONALITY IN NORTH CHINA: Madame Tschang Hsue-Liang, wife of the young Marshal of Peking and daughter-in-law of the late Marshal Tschang, is a great social personage in North China. She is here seen with the ex-Governor of Manchuria

WHERE HINKLER MET HIS DEATH: The wreckage of Squadron Leader Bert Hinkler's aeroplane lying on the mountainside in the Apennines, near Florence, where it was discovered last week after several months of searching. The body of the airman and the diary of his flight were found at the same time

CROWD: There was a large attendance at the Leicester Galleries last sculptures. The varying expressions on the faces of the visitors give a very differing opinions which the sculptor's work invariably arouses

B.B.C. VARIETY ARTISTS ENTERTAIN A RETIRING OFFICIAL: A dinner was given recently at the Park Lane Hotel by all the B.B.C. variety artists to Mr. Val Gielgud, who is retiring from the post of Director of Light Entertainment, and Mr. Eric Maschwitz, who is taking over his position

ONE MONTH of HISTORY

o o o A Survey of Current Events During April, 1933

The history of 1933 is dominated more and more by economics. Normal politics take a backward place as the months spin their tale of growing deficits and the multiplication of distress.

April saw America's departure from gold, vastly important financial talks between statesmen, much propaganda for inflation, barbed warnings that chaos must come again unless world reconstruction arrives quickly, and the fixing of the World Economic Conference to meet in London on June 12.

PRESIDENT AND PREMIER.—"Do come and spend a week-end with me. I am sure that in a week-end we can do more for God than has been done for a long time." Thus President Roosevelt, in an informal invitation to the British Premier. He might have added "A lot of the boys will be there—Herriot of France, Bennett of Canada, and a few more. There'll be some good games of International poker."

Mr. MacDonald, with Miss Ishbel in attendance, left by the *Berengaria* on April 15. With him went Sir Robert Vansittart, of the Foreign Office, and Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, of the Treasury (the Department had insisted on this official's presence).

"It is to be hoped that the Prime Minister's advisers never leave his elbow," grimly wrote Lord Snowden, with two-edged inference.

Mr. MacDonald was due in New York on Saturday, April 22. On the preceding Wednesday, the United States suddenly went off the gold standard.

MONEY MAZE.—This action rocked, and almost upset the apple-cart of international finance. It "added confusion to a situation which was already beyond the comprehension of human understanding," was the verdict of Lord Snowden. Mr. J. L. Garvin surpassed his own virtuosity in comment: "The grim politico-economic complex of the world to-day must be looked in the visage."

Looked in the visage, these features emerged. Great Britain in 1931 was forced off gold. America, with half the world's supply in her coffers, went off voluntarily. Her trade balance, unlike ours, was on the right side, to the tune of £70,000,000.

The measure was saddled upon the President by the inflationist movement in Congress, the almost bankrupt farmers of the Middle West, and America's immense internal stress, imperfectly understood in Europe. It was surmised that a "currency war," in the direction of downward value, would open between the £ and the dollar.

Congress later passed a Bill permitting the President to lower at will the gold content of the dollar to not less than 50 per cent. of its present value, and to accept 200,000,000 dollars of War Debt in silver.

Mr. Roosevelt hastened to explain to Mr. MacDonald that the departure from gold was for domestic reasons and not a move for International bargaining. "The very sound of the word 'retaliation' is repulsive," said Mr. MacDonald to Washington correspondents.

Canada, linked to the U.S. dollar, completed her departure from gold. France stayed on, looking apprehensively at her foreign trade. M. Herriot, on the high seas, was reported to be in a state of nervous irritation. France, high and dry on an island of gold, was (as usual) "wounded."

DOLLAR DANCE.—Prospects of American inflation sent commodity prices soaring. A big wave of speculation swept Wall Street. Stock prices rose from 3 to 11 points, and 7,000,000 shares changed hands in one day. The dollar dropped 35 cents to the £ sterling and 40 cents to the French franc, but later rose half-way to normal. Shares, commodities, and rates of exchange zig-zagged wildly for ten days.

THE PRESIDENTIAL FIRESIDE.—Mr. and Miss MacDonald were made welcome guests in the White House. British Premier and American President had long, frank "fireside" talks on currency, tariffs, War debts, world trade, disarmament, and how to remove the sorry state of things entire. They "faced realities and obligations," and claimed "progress in a friendly spirit," while denying that any binding obligations were incurred.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, before sailing home to visit London and preside over the World Economic Conference (after his recent visits to Rome, Geneva, Paris, and Washington), announced that the long week-end in America had turned a host and President into an old, firm friend.

Mr. Roosevelt, by then, was at his fireside with M. Herriot; after which Mr. Bennett moved into the White House to discuss Canadian tariffs and economics. Mr. Norman Davis, special "Ambassador to Enrope" from the U.S., proposed a tariff truce until after the World Conference. The June instalments of War debts from Europe to America were not waived; but neither were they specifically demanded.

THE BUDGET.—Budget Day brought no surprises. Mr. Neville Chamberlain offered little to the income-tax payer, whose one boon is that on earned incomes he will now pay the tax in two half-yearly instalments, instead of being crippled by a payment of three-quarters on January 1.

It was claimed that this equalled a reduction of 1s. 3d. in the pound on salaries for the current year. It was an orthodox Budget, although Mr. A. V. Alexander, chief of the Co-operative Societies, called it a "beer and skittles" Budget. The Co-operatives, at last destined for a levy on their untaxed profits, were permitted a post-Budget argument with the Treasury on how it should be levied. The duty on beer was reduced, following popular clamour and a £6,000,000 fall in its yield (the lowest for thirteen years), by the equivalent of a penny a pint, "to allow some improvement of quality."

ADDITIONS AND SUBTRACTIONS.—Minor blessings included a reduction from 1 per cent. to ½ per cent. of the Stamp Duty on new or increased capital issues, and from 4 or 4½ per cent. to 3 per cent. of the interest on Death Duties and on arrears of Excess Profits (now almost negligible).

New taxes were, with one exception, "all fiddlin' and small"—on matches, petrol lighters, British sparkling wines ("the yield I estimate from this source is only £7,000"—laughter), and oils—a penny a gallon on heavy oils. The exception was heavy road vehicles, substantially taxed to bring in £1,750,000 additional in a full year, and to give the railways a better chance in competition.

PROFIT AND LOSS.—The Sinking Fund was partially suspended, as "confidence has now been restored."

No provision for War debts payment to America in 1933.

The real saving in 1932 expenditure as compared with 1931 was £113,000,000.

Post Office deposits were up by £16,000,000, and Trustee Savings Bank business by £1,750,000.—"A very striking demonstration of the persistence of the habit of saving among our working people."

An increase of £4,500,000 was allotted for defence. The continuation of last year's cuts "could not be continued without seriously impairing the efficiency of the defensive forces of the Crown."

Revenue from income-tax, estimated at £260,000,000, yielded £8,000,000 less. Estimated yield for the forthcoming year, £240,000,000.

Surtax, estimated at £66,000,000 (£11,000,000 less than 1931) proved too high by £5,000,000. Twelve thousand people liable to surtax in 1931 had, in 1932, dropped below the £2,000 level.

Customs and Excise, estimated at £300,000,000, gave only £288,000,000.

From new tariffs, estimated to yield £32,000,000, the revenue received was £9,000,000 less.

Totals (1932–33):

	£
Actual expenditure, including fixed Debt charge and War Debt payment to U.S. -	777,000,000
Actual revenue - -	745,000,000
Budget deficit -	32,000,000

Without the payment to the United States the deficit would be only £3,300,000. Excluding this American payment, and £17,250,000 already gone to Sinking Fund, there would be a surplus of £11,250,000 over current expenditure. Thus Mr. Chamberlain, the third of his family to be Chancellor of the Exchequer.

CRITICS AND PROPHETS.—The City received the Budget calmly, as what had been expected. The Chancellor's announcement that he would increase the Exchange Equalisation Fund of £150,000,000 (instituted last year to prevent undue fluctuations in the pound sterling) was approved. The fund's increase had the immediate effect of stopping the disturbing rise of the pound in terms of the dollar following America's gold standard departure.

The Press was not inspired to rapture or drastic denunciation. Habitual supporters of the National Government praised it without fervour as sound finance. Other organs called it "A Pale Budget" and remarked that "Caution had triumphed over courage" because it did not reduce income-tax and restore wage cuts through new loans and tariffs.

Mr. Maynard ("Economic Consequences") Keynes, who had provided *The Times* with ammunition in its campaign to regain prosperity by increasing indebtedness (to be repaid out of resultant prosperity), ended a post-Budget letter to that newspaper: "Unfortunately it seems impossible in the world of to-day to find anything between a government which does nothing at all, and one which goes right off the deep end—the former leading sooner or later to the latter."

OURSELVES AND THE OGPU.—On St. George's Day a party of four Englishmen reached England from Moscow. Three of them had been "banished" from Russia—Mr. Allan Monkhouse, head of the Metropolitan-Vickers organization in Moscow, Messrs. John Cushny and Charles Nordwall, erecting and technical engineers. The fourth, Mr. A. W. Gregory, had been acquitted after the most remarkable trial in the history of Anglo-Russian relations.

The Soviet Ogpu had arraigned six Britons and twelve Russians on charges that carried the death penalty. "Espionage; wrecking electrical and metallurgical plant to undermine Soviet industry and weaken the State; collecting and utilizing secret information of military importance; bribing State employees in connection with counter-revolutionary sabotage." All except Gregory were found guilty. Mr. Leslie Thornton, Metropolitan-Vickers' second in command in Moscow, was sentenced to three years imprisonment; Mr. William Macdonald, subordinate engineer, to two years; and the other Britons to deportation. For the Russians the heaviest sentences were ten years.

As remarkable as the fantastic charges were two White Papers issued by the British Government before the trial. They contained despatches from the British Ambassador in Moscow, and the Chargé d'Affaires. They were damning and urgent in their history of what was happening to the arrested Britons.

> Long night-sessions of questioning in isolated cells; confessions "extorted" under threats and of pretended other confessions; attempted suborning by bribes and female wiles; confrontation with Russians terrorized into lying; deliberate twisting of innocent statements to give them criminal meanings.

British opinion rose to anger when it realized that their countrymen were persecuted to divert attention from Soviet industrial failure. The trial was in the October Hall, Moscow, which retained the crystal chandeliers and faded plush of its pre-revolution days as a noblemen's club. Spot-lights and microphones represented modernity.

The first sensation was when Macdonald, haggard and broken in health, pleaded "guilty." He spent five weeks alone in a Soviet prison. He later pleaded "not guilty," but on returning to court after an interval with his guards, he again murmured into a microphone that he was guilty. The mystery of Macdonald remained unsolved. Hypnotism, nervous and moral pressure, intensive threats, and even "herbs to kill will-power" were advanced in explanation by Russians who had been in the Ogpu's hands.

Thornton pleaded not guilty, and was confronted time and again with his "confession" signed in gaol. "I signed it when I had lost hope. It is false," he said. He had recovered hope when he, with the other Britons except Macdonald, were released on bail, after the British Government had threatened an embargo on Russian imports.

Monkhouse, at one point, interrupted the proceedings by walking to the microphone and saying, "I declare the whole trial is a frame-up constructed on entirely false confessions by terrorised Russians."

Counsel detailed for the defence were obliged to keep one eye on the Ogpu, and made tame speeches.

MOSCOW RETREAT.—Sir John Simon, on behalf of the British Government, denied in the House of Commons that any of the men had ever been employed, directly or indirectly, by any branch of the British Intelligence Service.

Anna Sergevna Kutusova, accused secretary of Metro-Vickers office in Moscow (her hair was permanently waved for the trial), violently denied the suggestion of special intimacy with members of the English staff, in return for gifts. "Anna Sergevna cannot be bought with perfume, lipstick, and an extra pair of trousers, which the prosecutor erroneously credited to me." She testified against Thornton and Monkhouse, but with absurd statements which were probably designed to make the prosecution's case seem incredible. Her sentence was eighteen months.

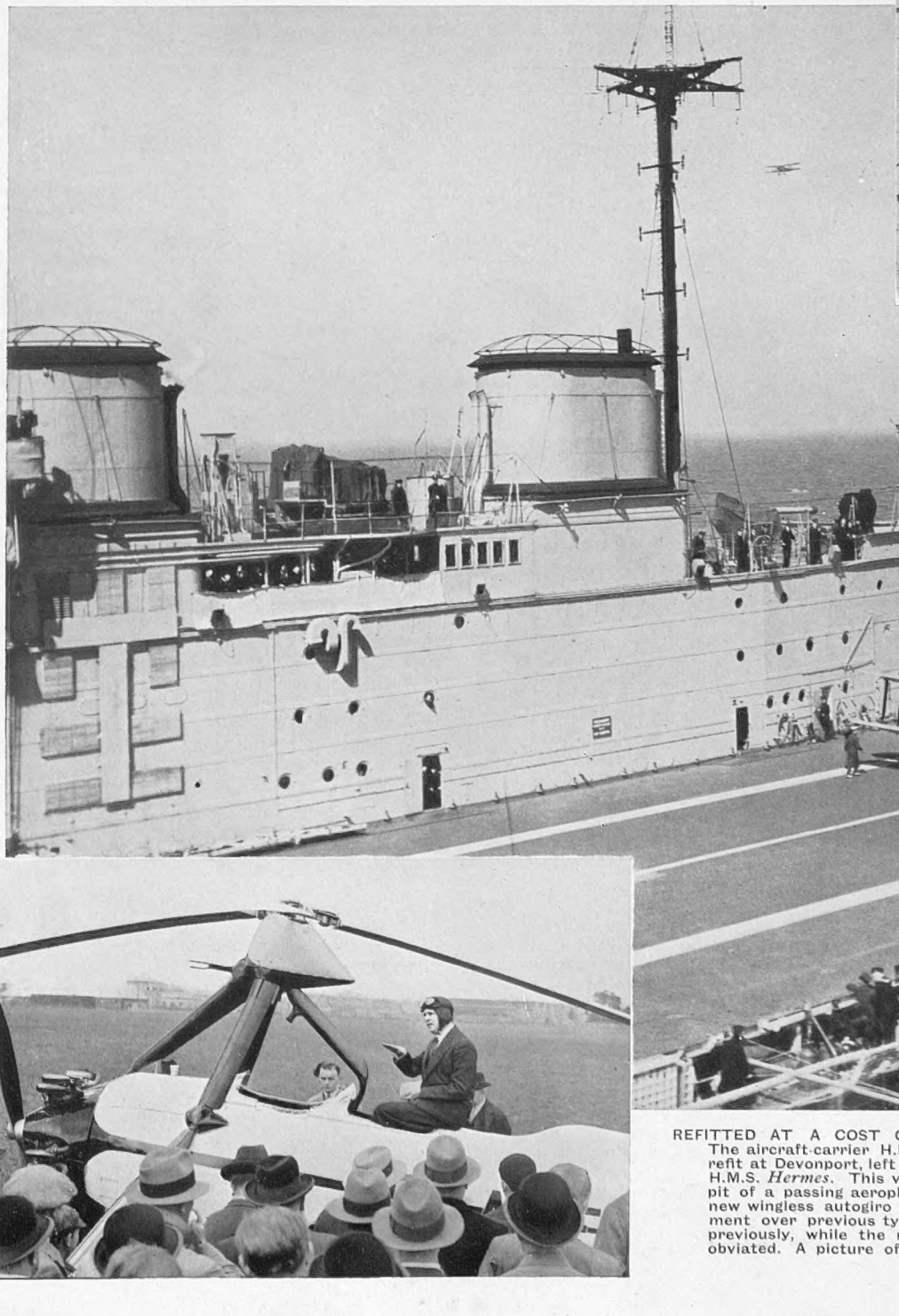
The British Government, because of the prison sentences for Thornton and Macdonald, enforced its embargo on 80 per cent. of Russian imports, which were far larger than the British exports to Russia. Russia wavered, but replied with an embargo on British imports and the use of British ships. A petition for Thornton and Macdonald to be deported, instead of imprisoned, was submitted in Moscow; and on April 30 the end was not yet.

THE NEW ALL-HIGHEST.—Chancellor Adolf Hitler had his forty-fourth birthday on April 19. It was suddenly discovered in Germany (after the manner of Disraeli and the English primroses) that the simple edelweiss was his

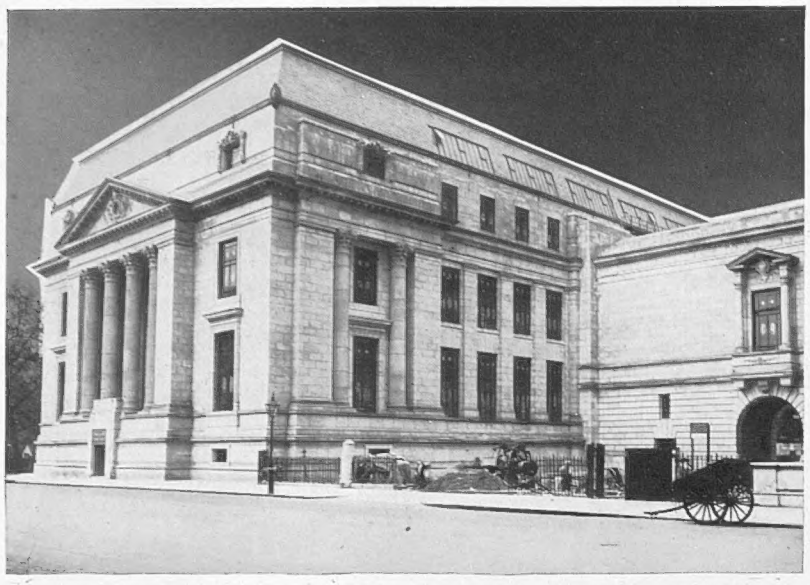
(*Continued on p.* 222)

NEWS FROM SEA AND AIR

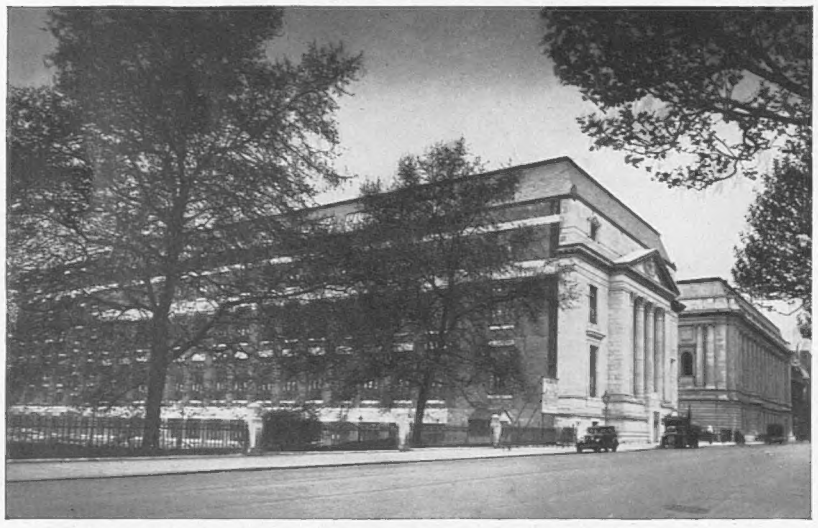
A PROBABLE CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA CUP: The launching at Messrs. Camper and Nicholson's yard at Gosport of the new steel racing yacht *Velsheda*, which has just been built for Mr. W. L. Stephenson. The yacht may make an attempt next year to recapture the America Cup. *Right*—Mr. W. L. Stephenson, who is the head of British Woolworths, is seen here with his three daughters, Velma, Sheila, and Daphne, after whom the new yacht was named



REFITTED AT A COST OF £300,000 AND NOW OFF FOR THE CHINA STATION: The aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Eagle*, which recently underwent an extensive and costly refit at Devonport, left Portsmouth on April 29 for the Far East, where she will relieve H.M.S. *Hermes*. This view of the flight deck was taken in the Channel from the cockpit of a passing aeroplane. *Left*—Señor de la Cierva demonstrates the working of his new wingless autogiro at Hanworth Aerodrome. This machine is a marked improvement over previous types as it can be landed in an even more limited space than previously, while the necessity for a rudder, ailerons, and elevators has now been obviated. A picture of Señor de la Cierva flying the machine will be found on the front page of this issue



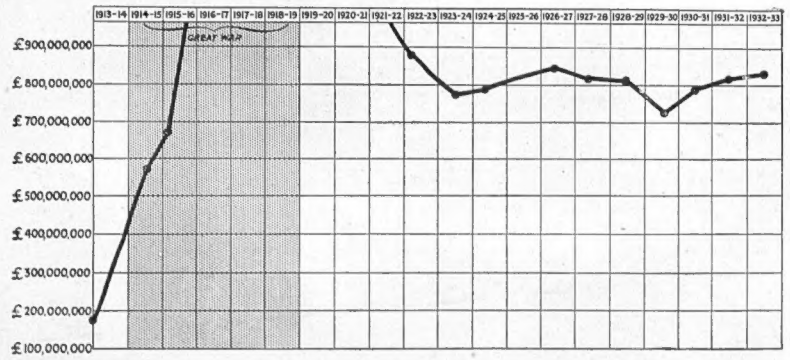
WHERE THE WORLD ECONOMIC CONFERENCE WILL MEET ON JUNE 12: The new Geological Museum in Exhibition Road, South Kensington, where the King will open the Conference and representatives of some sixty Governments will discuss the economic future of the world



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CONFERENCE BUILDING FROM EXHIBITION ROAD: The Geological Museum is preparing to move from Jermyn Street to this new building, but in the meantime its big empty galleries will provide the necessary housing for the Economic Conference

M. HERRIOT AND MR. MacDONALD ADDRESS THE MICROPHONE ON ECONOMIC CONDITIONS: The two distinguished statesmen broadcast a message to the people of America before meeting President Roosevelt for a series of informal talks on world economic conditions

BUYING AGAIN IN MICHIGAN: When the long awaited 30 per cent. pay off of depositors was inaugurated by America's two great national banks, crowds invaded the shopping quarter of Detroit to take advantage of the cash release by purchasing goods they have needed for weeks



THE RISING TIDE OF NATIONAL EXPENDITURE SINCE 1913: This graph shows how Britain's national expenses have risen from under £200,000,000 in the financial year 1913–14 to well over £800,000,000 in the financial year 1932–33. The War years, which were exceptional in the amount of money expended, are not included in the diagram, as the line of the graph would have to rise to over the £2,000,000,000 line

£700,000,000 BUDGETS

How Long Can They Go On?— The Drastic Need for Economy

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

Mr. Neville Chamberlain has got the national expenditure down to £700,000,000. He estimates, to be precise (which is never wise with Budgets), that the cost of running Imperial Britain during the year 1933–34 will be £697·5 millions. But this is only provided we do not have to pay America £50,000,000 odd due on War Debt account. Several other "ifs" are also included in the estimate. ("Ifs" for the year 1932–33 clapped on £21·6 millions to the original estimates, £18,000,000 being required for unemployment.) The question arises whether this Island State can stand a £700,000,000 Budget (ignoring the War Debt). The question also arises whether £700,000,000 is really the minimum cost of operating Britain as a going concern.

The answer seems to be yes and no, depending upon whether or not you admit the inexorable force of political circumstances. Hand over the State to a trio of big-business statesmen like Sir Harry McGowan, Sir George May, and Sir Robert Horne, and they would have running costs down and national efficiency up in a brace of shakes. One of the first things they might do would be to cut the cost of education. At present, we are making, at great cost, a new and unneeded "white-collar" class. They might merge the fighting services in one National Defence Ministry. They would certainly pay off large numbers of inspectors. But one cannot take such short cuts with democratic States, which claim the right to run themselves into Carey Street if it so please the majority of the electors.

Dismissing fantasy, and coming down to immediate concrete cases, look at politics as they affect taxation. The Chancellor obviously wanted to tax the privileged co-operative societies, and if politics had not entered into that affair he would have gone ahead with taxation as if that big business were like any other business. But there are men in the Cabinet who still have roots in the Labour movement. One is Prime Minister. All the Chancellor can do is to say he is negotiating (an unprecedented thing for a Chancellor to do), and he hopes to secure £750,000 from this source! Meantime, private traders are taxed to the teeth.

The Chancellor takes credit—and I would be the last to deny that some is due to him—because a £700,000,000 Budget is modest compared to the Budgets of his predecessors. But the outlook is not so good if we are going to measure future national expenditure by what has gone before. As short a time ago as 1931 the rulers of the State were gaily spending £785,000,000 a year, or £87,000,000 more than the present rulers are spending, and saying that this was pretty good considering some Budgets since the War. They were also quite sure that it was absolutely the best that could be done. If they cut another pound note off, the Board of Admiralty would resign or the Army would go on strike, or the workers would revolt, or the teachers would resign (although how the teachers would live, having resigned, was always an interesting question), or something equally terrible would happen in the State.

At this time it was estimated that, owing to the rise in unemployment and other things, Britain's national bill for the year 1932–33 would be no less than £113,000,000 higher than the figure of £697,486,000 (forgetting the December War Debt payment of £28,000,000, and a trifle of £17,000,000 for Debt redemption), which Mr. Chamberlain announced with pride. Where all this money was coming from nobody seemed to know, and the Socialists did not seem to care much. The island people, however, effectively put a stop to this nonsense. They voted the Socialists out with overwhelming figures and at least saved the State from bankruptcy in the current year, if not earlier.

For years the political chieftains had been privately exchanging the view that the people simply would not stand cuts in expenditure. For years the three parties had been bidding against one another for the favour of the elector masses. Suddenly, two of the three, and the right wing of the third, merged and risked appealing to something else besides the cupidity of the individual. Somewhat to their astonishment, the appeal succeeded. Pessimists, and those with a vested interest in agitation and social disorder, waited anxiously for the revolution. It failed to materialize. Indeed, an exceptional phase of calm and peace in industry set in. Confronted by this phenomenon, one wonders whether it might not be possible to cut the running costs of Britain some more and relieve the taxpayers, direct and indirect, correspondingly. There is a growing opinion that an expenditure of £600,000,000 should be both the ideal and the attainment of the next Budget.

Three hundred and thirteen million pounds of the 1932–33 bill were met by direct takings from the current earnings of business concerns and those private individuals fortunate, able, or hard-working enough to come within the income-tax-paying category and the super-tax-paying class. Beer contributed £74,000,000, and death duties a million more than that. Customs and Excise put in £288,000,000. Other sources are negligible compared with these.

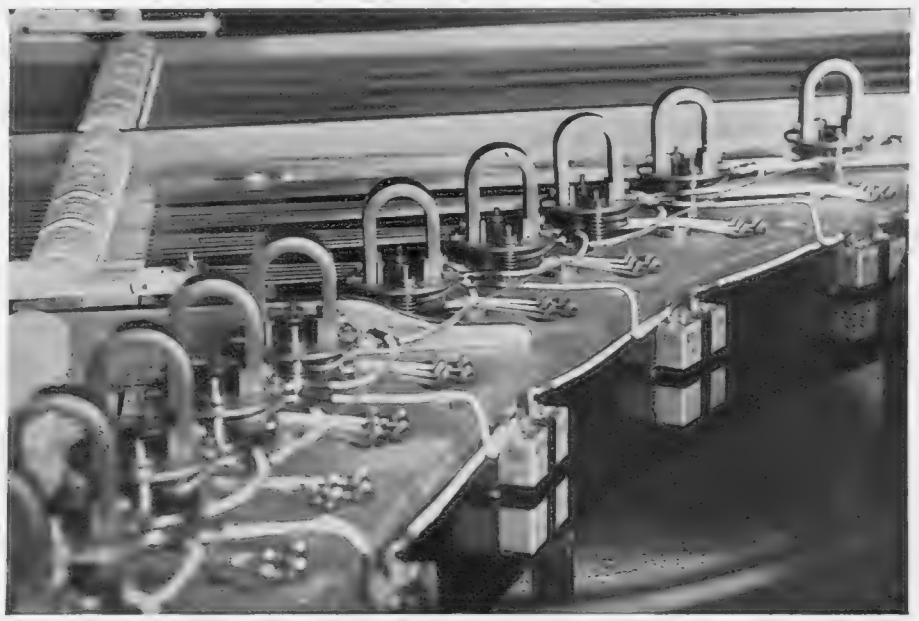
How long can the resources of the nation stand up to these colossal extractions? An economist could give a period, probably, provided he eliminated the factor of hope. As it is, the continuance of £700,000,000 Budgets quite obviously depends upon something happening, in England and in the world, to raise the taxpayers' resources to meet the immense annual drain—a drain which is steadily eating away the accumulations of the great century which saw Britain's rise to wealth and empire—a century which knew not £700,000,000 Budgets.

THE WORLD'S FIRST ELECTRICAL CONCERT

UNIVOCAL BATTERIES: A pianist demonstrates one of the latest electrical instruments producing musical sound. The desired notes are picked out through four rubber bands lined with metal

AN ALL-ELECTRIC CONCERT IN BERLIN: All the performers employed instruments which produced sound, not by percussion, but by electrical vibrations. On the left is an electrical violin and an electrical 'cello, and on the right are four univocal batteries and four loud-speakers

THE NEO BECHSTEIN GRAND PIANO: This electrically operated piano is played with the lid closed and the chords vibrate among the receiving magnets. The loud-speaker is seen to the right



THE ELECTRICAL PIANO: Receiving magnets in the Neo Bechstein piano. The instrument can be played by the pianist with earphones attached to the head, sound only being heard by distant listeners through loud-speakers

AN ELECTRICAL HARMONIUM: As the player depresses the chords the tone is influenced through the valves, which in turn are controlled by the switches on the apparatus above the harmonium

A MODERN KEYBOARD: The four electrically controlled playing bands of rubber on which the pianist operates. A marked keyboard is provided to assist in the picking out of the correct notes

The LOT of the ARTIST in PARIS TO-DAY

How the Rudolphs and Marcels of To-day Survive, in Spite of Poverty, in the Latin Quarter of the French Capital

By JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

THE STREET EXHIBITION: A painter shows his work in a Paris street on the left bank of the Seine but finds customers few and far between. To-day the artist's life in the great city is, if anything, even harder than at the beginning of the century

"I've wit though wealth be wanting!
Ladies of rank and fashion
All inspire me with passion"

—RUDOLPH TO MIMI.

It is, I think, generally agreed that whereas to starve in Whitechapel is a disaster to be avoided as far as possible, to starve in the Latin Quarter of Paris is the privilege of genius and the price of future greatness.

Leaving aside for future discussion the question of genius, I can at least claim to have lived for a long time in the Latin Quarter and, during the romantic few hours in which (fortunately enough for that future discussion) I hadn't a sou in my purse, I found that the intrinsic merits of starvation in that pleasant spot had been greatly exaggerated. I felt an intuition which has not yet left me that it had, on the contrary, all the defects of the ill-reputed Whitechapel brand.

Puccini's careless Bohemians; Rudolph, the great poet; Marcel, the great painter; Schaunard, the great musician; and Colline, the great philosopher, typify for many of us art, life, love, and laughter in the joyous Students' Quarter. How we revel in the reckless courage and gay philosophy with which they face winter's snows and an empty stomach! What we are, perhaps, apt to forget is that after all we are seated comfortably in the stalls at Covent Garden and have just waived away a third helping of cheese.

Let us see what starving for Art's sake means in real life, and how Puccini's carefree Bohemians are faring in these times of depression.

Here is what Henry Ramey, the well-known painter had to tell me:

"There is no artist in Paris to-day who is living by his work," he began slowly and impressively. "There are, of course, very few who have literally no money but what they make by selling their pictures. Some have a little money of their own, some are on the staffs of art schools, some do commercial art work, while others who made comfortable sums in years gone by are living on their savings. But a man who lives by painting alone does not exist in all Paris to-day. A few years ago there were many who did. The depression has, as might have been expected, hit artists terribly—just the people least able to survive in this hard, unimaginative age of standardization," he added with an ironic smile.

"There are, however, vast numbers of people in this country who love painting. Their trouble has been that their incomes are all greatly decreased, and those who have any spare money felt that they ought not to spend it"—again his ironic little smile—"on so-called luxuries. Appeal to a Frenchman's intellect and he will argue with you logically all day; in this case a very simple argument: 'I have no money to spend on pictures.' Appeal with a gesture to a Frenchman's heart and you will set him on fire. What was needed was a gesture in the grand manner. So I got together a group of thirty artists and we organized the Salon des Echanges."

"A picture bartering market," I said, and added densely: "But where was your gesture?"

Ramey raised his hands in gentle remonstrance.

"Have you never heard of Agamemnon, who traded the life's blood of his daughter to Artemis in return for a favourable wind to Troy? Or of Henry IV of France, who changed his religion for a throne? Or of—but don't you see we said to the lover of art: 'We artists must live Surely you will not see us starve! We who have given you beauty! We don't ask for your money, but give us whatever it is that you yourself are an artist in producing in exchange for our pictures. Are you the most perfect *maître d'hôtel* in Paris? Take our picture and give us the price of it in your perfect cooking. You know yourself to be the greatest shoemaker in Paris? Excellent! Give us the price of our picture in shoes and make us the most perfectly-shod artists in Paris.' What do you think of this suit?" he asked, breaking off suddenly.

"It's very nice, indeed," I replied politely, wondering silently what sarcastic comments Savile Row would have had to make about it.

"Very nice indeed! Why, man! it's a creation for which I parted with one of my own creations.

"In 1931, 110 painters and sculptors of all nationalities joined together to hold the second Salon des Échanges. At this exhibition 600 pictures were exchanged for £6,400 worth of goods of all kinds. This year 200 of us have exhibited 1,100 pictures, and so far we have exchanged £4,000 worth.

"Every picture is priced, and we ask you to offer us whatever goods you yourself create at the retail price for which you sell them.

"We have had many amusing experiences, I can tell you. On Christmas Eve, as you can imagine, very few people come to our exhibition, but we cannot afford to stay away from its icy cold precincts for an instant lest we should miss an exchange. Not a soul came in all day this year. Then, just as we were about to close up for the night, there was an uproar at the main entrance.

"'Where are the artists who make life beautiful for us?' a cheery voice was shouting. 'I want them to have some champagne for Christmas.' Gesticulating excitedly there entered a short, stout, rubicund visaged man. He was a wine merchant from the Champagne country. We showed him round the canvases, and half-a-dozen of us had cases of a dozen bottles of champagne to take away which he had brought in his office lorry."

That, I thought, was indeed a scene straight out of Puccini or one of René Clair's films where fairy godmothers are always dropping bank-notes from the skies at opportune moments.

As I write this I look out of the windows of my flat on to the Boulevard Raspail where I see, erected at intervals of a few yards down the broad pavements, canvas screens on which are hung pictures. By each screen stands the artist smoking a yellow cigarette with an air of indifference. But his pose conceals a keen watch on the interested crowds which pass and repass each stand, eagerly discussing the merits of the pictures exposed. In what other country would such a scene be possible? For years it has been customary for the poorer artists to use the pavement as their salon, but in these hard times the practice has spread to well-known artists who used to keep to the summer and autumn salons in the Grand Palais.

Masterpieces are hanging in the streets of Paris to-day and most of them can be bought for the price of a bottle or two of whisky or for four or five dance records. Now is your chance, ladies and gentlemen!

A SIGN OF THE TIMES: This artist, having no money to spend on materials, was obliged to utilize as his canvas a sign which formerly proclaimed "Apartments to Let." He is seen at work drawing in the details of the Pont Neuf and surroundings

ART OF THE YEAR: Paintings being brought into the Grand Palais for exhibition at the Salon d'Automne, where France's leading artists display their work every year

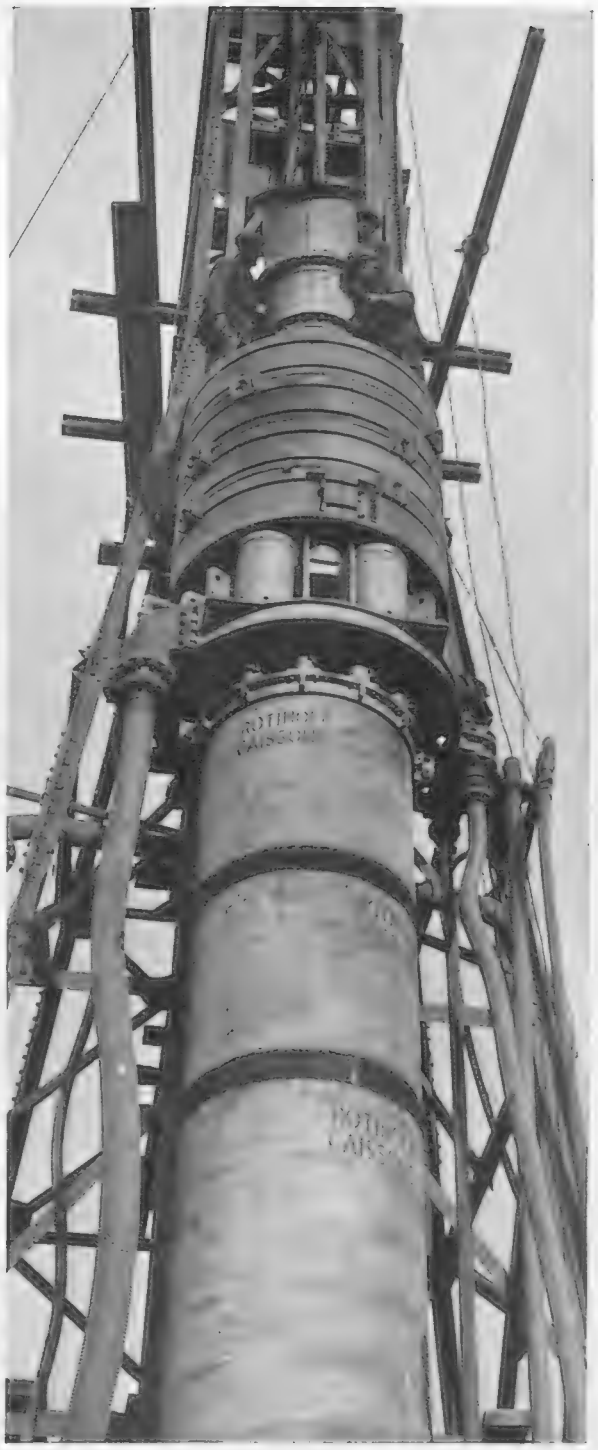
HIGH SPEED FOUNDATION SINKING

How the Rotinoff Process Relieves the Caisson Worker

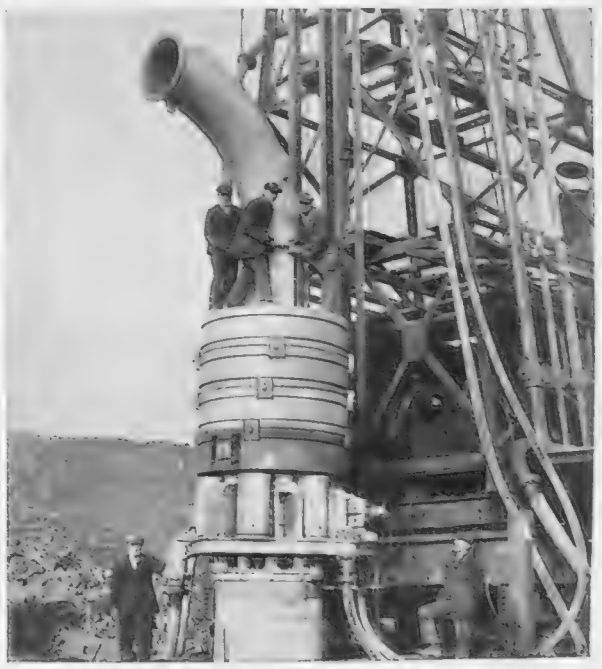
THE ROTINOFF CYLINDER AT WORK: This cylinder forms an entirely new departure in bridge construction practice, combining the ordinary method of pile driving and that of pneumatic excavation. The cylinder is seen in this picture evacuating tons of clay which have been drawn up from the foundation level

TWO AND A HALF TONS OF CLAY BLOWN FROM THE CYLINDER AT NEARLY 100-M.P.H.! How the Rotinoff process relieves the caisson worker of the dangerous task of excavating in an atmosphere of highly-compressed air by doing the work mechanically. Compressed air at 120 lbs. per square inch is forced into the bottom of the cylinder thus displacing several tons of earth from the cutting edge and immediately blowing them up to the surface. The mouth of the cylinder can be moved in any direction so that the waste earth is deposited wherever desired

A BOMBARDMENT OF CLAY: The compressed material breaks up as it leaves the cylinder



A ROTINOFF CAISSON ABOUT TO BE SUNK AS A BRIDGE FOUNDATION: The outside diameter of this cylinder is 4 ft. and is built up from a steel cutting edge at the base. Within the cylinder is a temporary steel mandrel surmounted by a 22-ton hammer with a drop of 12 in. to 18 in. The process of driving the cylinder is begun by hammering it into the ground until a portion of the material being excavated is forced into the steel mandrel. The material is then impelled to the surface by jets of compressed air



THE CAISSON sunk to a depth of 71 ft. with its snout

Until recently there has been no more difficult or dangerous task for men employed in bridge building than that of caisson sinking. Many lives have been lost in the past, and men have nearly always been compelled to work under the most extraordinary difficulties. With the advent of the Rotinoff process, however, all this has changed, and the bulk of the work is now done mechanically. The pictures on this page illustrate the Rotinoff process in action in the construction of a new 220 ft. five span steel bridge near Newport, Yorkshire, which forms one of the approaches to the new main bridge over the River Tees. The process eliminates hand excavation, and the rate of sinking is extremely rapid. One of these cylinders was sunk 40 ft. in less than three-quarters of an hour; a speed which bears ample testimony to the efficiency of the method.

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THE SUBJECT OF A GERMAN PROPAGANDA PLAY: Albert Leo Schlageter who during the French occupation of the Ruhr was sentenced to death and shot at Düsseldorf for his pro-German activities. His life has now been dramatized and the play is being presented in all the more important cities as a means of stimulating German patriotism

NATIONAL LOUD-SPEAKING

How the Mass Mind of the Germany of To-day is being Modelled to the Ideal of the Leaders of the New Regime by the Muzzling of the Press, the Presentation of Selected Films and Stage Performances, and the Outpourings of the Minister of Propaganda

By FERDINAND TUOHY

HAMBURG.

Patient research prior to coming here led me back to the *Acta Publica* of Cæsar's day as being the first organized national propaganda. This went so well that there followed, in wax, the *Acta Diurna* which had gossip writers and was a wow—in fact, in 59 B.C. Cæsar ordered its circulation throughout the Empire. But the real hit came later when Editor Sallust, financed by Lucullus, got out the *Commentarius Rerum Novarum* and was able to develop a circulation of 10,000 (sans Dickens) and to make a profit of 40,000 drachmas a month, because 300 slaves did all the copying and working expenses could be kept right down. Diurnalists were extremely well-paid officials, being among the few educated ones, and for co-ordinating Cæsar's will in waxen exemplar they enjoyed many privileges.

Rome has since copied the above, and with an editor as Cæsar. Now somebody else has followed suit.

I have been plugged. Have been taking, for twenty-four hours, the full impact of 1933 propaganda, gobbling Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda and Enlightenment in the new land of Hitleria.

There is nothing like taking the plunge, to derive full effect. Roused by boisterous and top-dog youths in brown shirts heiling from brand-new lorries, I rang for the morning papers. Or, rather, propaganda sheets. The Press must think as one directed unit, now. "We cannot give you views or opinions any longer," I was informed later in the *Fremdenblatt* offices; "the Government is responsible for that."

Asquith's phrase of "patient Hamburg oxen" came back to mind. If Germans will fight like blazes they also can submit like lambs.

Everything is going to be joyous and right and fruitful in the best of all possible worlds—the Nazi one. Everything else (save Rome) is all wrong. The rest of the world (save Rome) spends its time maliciously romancing about the New-Germany. So, the teaching. One noted, too, a limiting of foreign news and an interpretation, by comments and shading, of such as was passed for publication. Could it be that the O.C., German Brains, intended henceforward manipulating foreign news to suit the Nazi book?

I strolled. Red swastika flags were few, and Brownies fewer—hardly a dozen of each all day in this vast city whose citizens appeared apathetic and non-committal—one almost heard them saying "Well, go to it, try what you can do now, we're fed up with the whole business, don't expect us to share in your juvenile enthusiasm." But the shop-windows, cinemas, kiosks, hoardings bawled at the passer-by. From sexual introspection, the first have gone 100 per cent. régime, displaying little else than Näzi literature and Nazi faces, from the Führer, alias "Germany's Unknown Soldier" (and not so bad, for Hitler's war record was of the very best, four obliterated years with the PBI and ever opposite us), and the fearsome Goering, successor in command of von Richthofen, to the lesser known Schlageter and Horst Wessel. Schlageter is become the German Nurse Cavell. I was in the Ruhr when the French, perpetrating a psychological error of similar grievousness to the Brussels shooting by the Germans, executed this Iron Cross German officer, seething beneath civil attire, and impelled to commit rail sabotage. Young Wessel, evidently Hitler's embodiment of the perfect follower, was killed by Communists, and the Nazi air is called after him for ever more. It isn't bad, as sentimental German airs go, but not half as suitable to an awakening as *Giovinezza* with its chirpy, marching-forward note—though, heavens, where, where, the Rouget de Lisles of these modern revolutions?

Picture galleries and windows featured war paintings—field-greys lying in hay, that sort of thing, how jolly the War really was, good comrade stuff. I longed for a splash by my good friend Nevinson junior.

I next listened to a martial concert given by the Reichswehr and, after a powerful but quite cheap lunch, watched a film called *Bleeding Germany*. This is the official Government film dedicated to the German People, and after Hitler had spell-bound the Berlin Sportplatz for half-an-hour a resonant professor commented on the film which had several terminological inexactitudes, including the delightful and well-known one that Germany had to wage war to escape from a ring of enemies. This lie, ahem—superior to our German War Guilt one—is now to be plugged nation-wide. A pleasant interlude was afforded by *In the Great Days*, depicting the Kaiser on Doeberitz Plain with his plumed staff and charging huzzars. Crowd enthusiasm was obtained by showing the Kaiserin driving in state, though no mention was made of Queen Alexandra beside her. The occasion was, of course, a very special one.

Standarte 14, of Hamburg, played the Horst Wessel Lied and we rose—these Nazi bands are being sent everywhere—and then there was the business of Schlageter being shot. We saw a French officer brutally pushing the victim to earth prior to "Feu!" and were told this was the official French film. Low noises of hate in the auditorium.

Then I looked in on *Morgenrot*, a second Government film, with armed Nazis outside, and showing U-boat glory while avoiding the matter of eighty sunk amid frightful human agony. (That war was a good one, and don't you forget it.)

After *Morgenrot*, beer was indicated, and this was taken to the accompaniment of a sailors' band from Kiel. On my tram ride to the hotel, to take a second breath for the evening, I read that the British Press misrepresented Germany and refused to see her in her true innocence. O.C., German Brains, banks heavily on this misunderstood and defamation business, but may he not himself be inculcating a misunderstanding of others? And may not one regrettable reaction to what he is doing be a closer examination of what Germany really *has* suffered from Versailles? A wicked imp at my shoulder (not I) says that truth should urge Goebbels to the microphone to say—

"We have paid £1,000,000,000 in reparations, but we have borrowed £2,000,000,000 to do so. Out of the spare £1,000,000,000 we have managed to fit out our country as none other to-day, industrially, and in regard to the living conditions of the people. Not a slum left, even the lowliest labourer in one of the vast new tenement buildings. True, these were erected on the Marxist idea, but ——"

But truth is on the wing to-day, flying to Elephant Island or up in the stratosphere, or somewhere.

Then came "The Nazis' Hour," the Government's evening reading of events, over the wireless. Really, the one word Goebbels should bar, one would imagine, is "hate."

But no. Merely, the rest of the world is now intoning a hymn of hate against Germany — when it is a known fact that hate is not in the make-up of at least two of Germany's major critics, ourselves and the Americans. Nor do the French hate, either, for that matter. One is aware that the Nazis are doing everything "in top" compared with Mussolini's laboured pioneer effort; that a good deal is shop-window stuff that may be speedily discarded (one can do this when babes and sucklings constitute the backbone of one's party) and that, even as the Duce, the Nazi leaders will be two-faced, breathing blood and fire domestically while showing a different temper in foreign negotiations, yet a governing fear prevails, namely, that whereas the Fascists probably genuinely would prefer to secure, without violence, what they hold to be their just due, a re-armed Naziland might quicken to another fresh and joyous war, even if things could be got without it.

Next, I took a dive out to Altona to see the new play, *Schlageter*, patriotic heart-throb stuff which set that mischievous imp off on this line of thought—

"This is all nonsense about the internal affairs of one people not concerning others. Here is this new Germany deliberately being taught to hate and to glorify war; its daily kraftbruehe, a potion of blood and thunder. Doesn't that concern others? This new Germany patently wants to be left alone for years in order to develop her muscles for striking. Should she be allowed to do so? Might not a fairly bloodless, protective, restraining, anticipatory expedition against her, in the meantime, be better than waiting for an eventual clash that would mean a new world war? To wait or not to wait? Isn't that now the question?"

Well, and then (to conclude with my day's plugging) I thought to relax from *Schlageter* in a Tyrol beer-hall on the Reeperbahn, Hamburg's White Way, but, confound it, if they weren't Horst Wesseling there, too, and so to bed. Plugged.

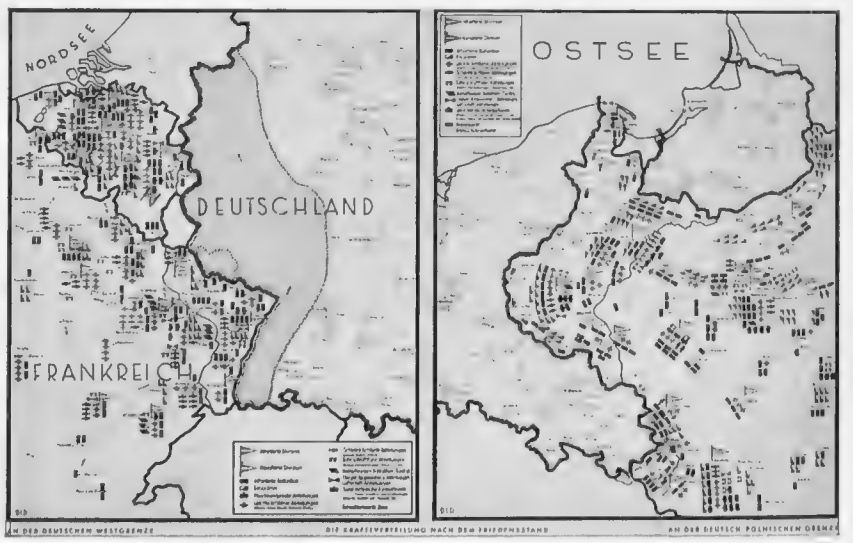
Dr. Goebbels means to fashion the German mass brain to his own: one further step in this robot world hurtling—whither? He has a supreme hand in every possible direction, from the meanest stage to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. He may underestimate, though, the likely effect of external eyes following, in the closest manner, all he does. The dope he ladles out domestically will be sifted and weighed abroad, and it may turn out a double-edged weapon.

We had another boomerang of national loud-speaking when Vishinsky got in front of the microphone.

It seems hardly the moment for the nations to shout their virtues at one another, yet this is just what they are increasingly tending to do. As Jean Giraudoux, of the Quai d'Orsay, has it, "Il s'agit d'être aimé de tous ces gens qu'on n'aime pas." That might be calculated to pull up propagandists. On the contrary, these have laid hold of Press, wireless, and film—terrific plugging descendants of Cæsar's wax—and their monstrous moulding of a mass mind is well and truly with us. "Don't you believe a word of what you've heard! Look how nice we really are!"

Steadily we are coming to that, as the nations address one another by the various channels.

Domestically, it is here and there a darker tale, for the loud-speaking already takes the shape of setting blood aboil against the foreigner. Oh, for a little less prostitution of the brave new mind!



DISARMED GERMANY AND HER ARMED NEIGHBOURS: How a famous German weekly journal draws attention to the country's unprotected borders and to the immense strength of her heavily armed neighbours, France and Poland. This class of propaganda is typical of that appearing in the German Press to-day. No mention is made, however, of the highly trained forces of the Nazi Government, who, although not officially a military force, are as well disciplined as any army in the world

"THE SPHERE" SURVEYS THE WORLD

"THE UNGUARDED DUNCAN": Mr. Raymond Duncan delivered an oration at the foot of Shakespeare's statue at the corner of the Boulevard Haussmann and the Avenue Messines, Paris, in celebration of the poet's birthday on April 23

THE SEVENTH INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR AT TRIPOLI: A view of the grounds at the Fair showing the artificial lake where wind-driven water pumps are being exhibited. The picturesque little North African town, once the starting-point of caravan routes to the South, is nearly always crowded during the period of the Fair. This year's Fair terminates on May 8

A GIANT VIADUCT: The new motor road into Venice which was opened recently by the Crown Prince and Princess of Italy. The railway terminal is on the left

MAKING VENICE ACCESSIBLE: This new road is built above 228 arches spanning the lagoon, and with the approaches at either end is nearly 6 miles long. The life of Venice will remain little disturbed by this innovation as motors must be parked 2 miles from the centre of the city

A RARE DISCOVERY: The head of a statue has recently been found in the Historical Museum of Dresden which is now definitely established as that of August the Strong, the famous King of Saxony and Poland during the Baroque period. The head was modelled by Christian Gottfried Juchtzer, of the Meissner porcelain factory, from a plaster mould of a wax mask which the King had made in 1704 when he was thirty-four years of age

THE 200th ANNIVERSARY OF AUGUST THE STRONG: Two hundred years have passed since the death of August the Strong, but the magnificent palaces which he built in Dresden have kept his memory alive. The world-renowned Zwinger Palace, illustrated above, is the finest example of the Baroque architecture which he fostered with such enthusiasm. It was intended for the King's elaborate banquets of which history has recorded such fantastic things that many writers have claimed that his one thought was of pomp and masquerades. The very reverse, however, was really the case, for these banquets had a real and valuable purpose. They were the King's method of attracting buyers to visit Dresden and to purchase the products of Saxony's lace, porcelain, and applied art industries

THE MUSK RAT MENACE

New Pictures of the War on the Musk Rat along the Banks of Sussex Rivers

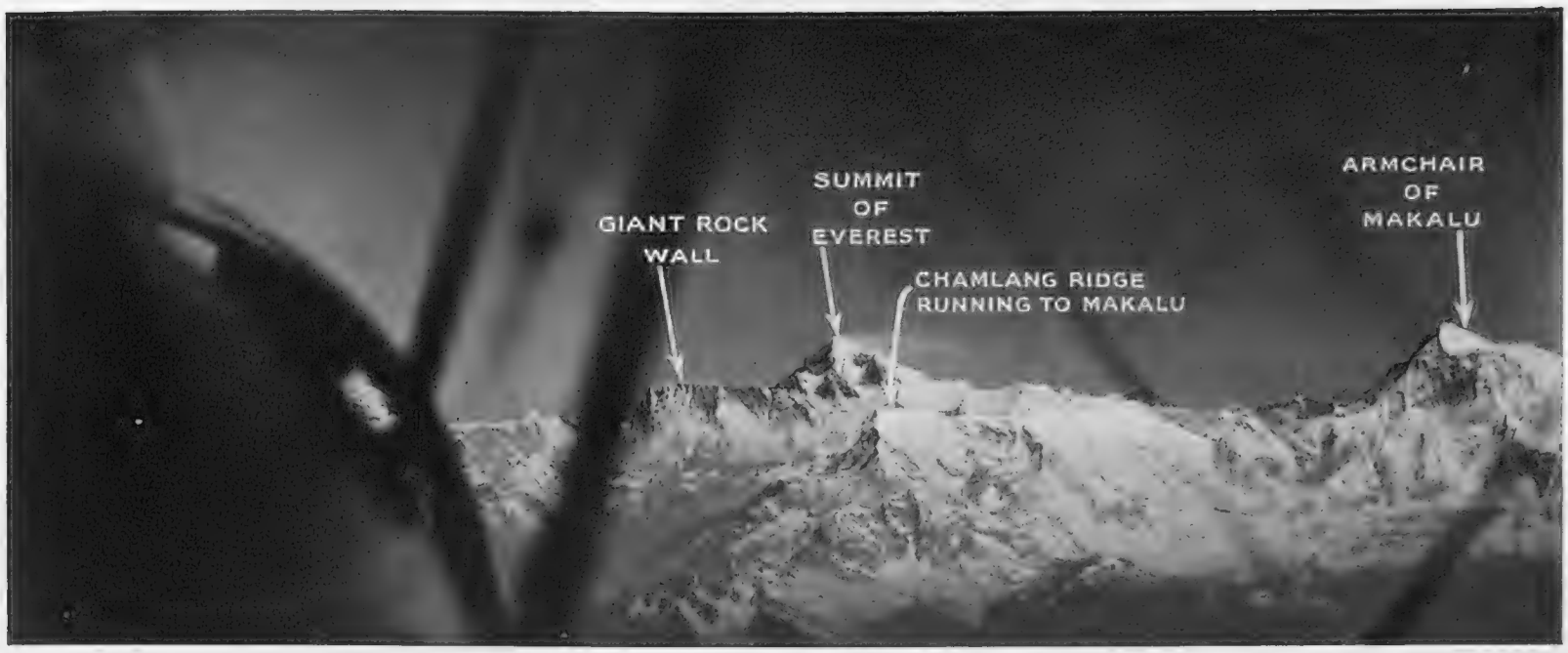
DEAD IT IS WORTH FIVE SHILLINGS, ALIVE IT IS A PEST: Musk rats have now spread to the Southern Counties and every effort is being made to rid the country of these animals before it is too late to control their numbers. These trappers on the banks of the Arun at Pulborough are busily engaged in catching and destroying them

WHERE THE MUSK RAT WORKS ITS WILL: The river bank at Greatham, near Pulborough, which has been badly damaged by the tunnelling activities of the musk rat. *Below*—Trappers with the day's catch

Only a few years ago the musk rat was introduced into England to be kept and bred for the value of its coat. Its introduction heralded the beginning of a new industry which it was hoped would do much to increase employment. To-day the musk rat bids fair to become as great a menace as it was once thought a god-send, and as serious a danger to the countryside as has been the common rabbit in Australia. At first the animals ventured no farther than the localities in which they were bred, and they mostly confined their depredations to the river banks of the West of England. But to-day, with their instinct for migration, they are appearing in very big numbers in Sussex and the Southern Counties, and it would appear that the present number of trappers is quite inadequate. The pictures shown on this page illustrate the efforts that are being made in Sussex towards their extermination

DRYING MUSK RAT SKINS ON THE RIVER ARUN: The dilapidated appearance of the bridge in the background gives an indication of what may well happen to many structures if the menace is not soon controlled

LAYING THE TRAPS on the river bank. Large numbers of men are engaged in the capture of these animals, but their task is proving a very difficult one as there is hardly a river in Sussex and some of the Southern Counties which is not now suspect. The rats have appeared as far north as Scotland, where Herr Adam Roith has been demonstrating methods of extermination, and reports show that they have now penetrated to Hampshire



THE FIRST VIEW OF EVEREST WITH ITS SNOW PLUME BLOWING HIGH ABOVE THE SURROUNDING PEAKS: It was from this point that the extraordinarily rugged appearance of the rock masses in front of the Everest peak became evident; a great wall stood out like a bastion on the left and Chamlang ridge stretched south-eastward. The Lhotse ridge dropped away to the same point towards Makalu

THE MYSTERY OF THE EVEREST PICTURES

Some Arresting Queries—Which are of the Giant Peak and which are Not? The Immense Fractured Face of Lhotse-Everest Revealed: The Base of the Ruttledge Land Expedition Identified

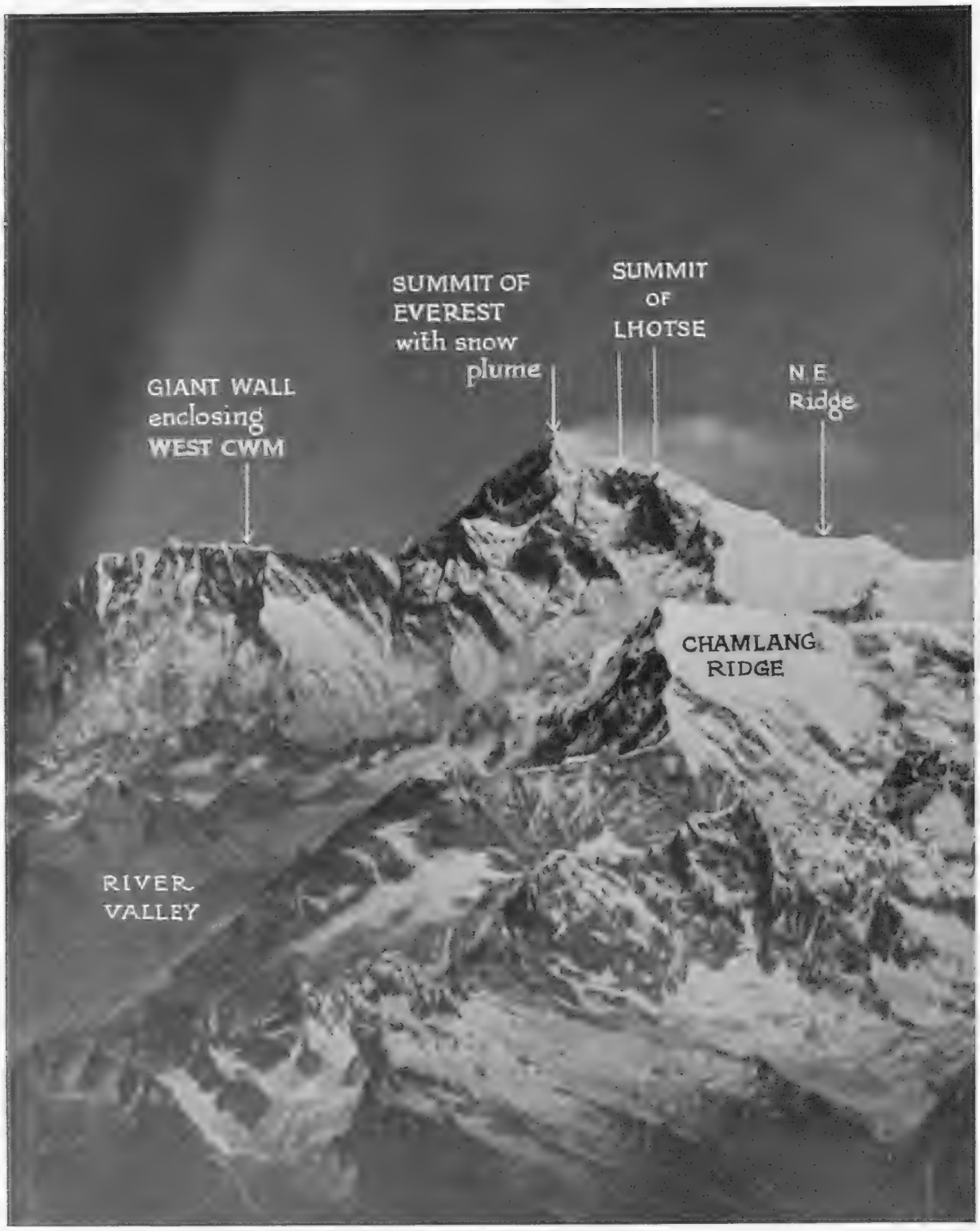
In this special section of THE SPHERE we present to our readers a first attempt to analyse and identify the first photographic results of the Houston-Everest Expedition. They reveal certain astonishing details, particularly with regard to the south-west face of the peak, pictures of which are given on the succeeding double page. Other pictures have aroused considerable speculation as to their identity. It will be remembered that in a message to *The Times* on April 6, it was pointed out that the task of identifying the views was not easy for the pilots or the observers, who had nothing previously taken at close range of the south side to help them. "But it seems beyond dispute that two of the pictures show the summit of Everest from above." The same message continues to describe the photographs thus: "One which shows the summit from the south was taken forward through the bracing wires, and has Lhotse in the foreground and Everest, with its plume, just beyond. Another was taken from the north-west edge of the summit. The third, taken apparently from the north-east, gives a clear view of the climbers' way up. The bareness of the summit may be noted, the plume streaming out eastwards from it. Everest is in the centre of the picture with Lhotse to the left of it."

In two of the illustrations given in this issue on a further double page the absence of this snow plume, which so appealed to the observers, has aroused considerable doubt as to the true identity of the pictures. This typographical detail has been most puzzling to a member of a previous expedition to whom a print has been submitted. He has been unable to identify it as in any way the climbers' route officially referred to, and even doubts that it belongs to the Everest massif. At present the value of the pictures is the revelation of the torn and rugged south-west face as it first appeared to the flyers. This sector of the great peak has remained entirely unrecorded until now. It will be noticed that throughout this special section we have taken the unusual course of referring jointly to Lhotse-Everest, a term justified by the description given by the late Mr. Mallory when he first saw Everest and Lhotse together from a peculiarly favourable angle. He wrote:—"We knew something more about the great peak near Everest which we had seen from Kampa Dzong; we knew now that it was not a separate mountain; in a sense it was part of Everest, or rather Everest was not one mountain but two. The black cliffs of this mountain, which faced us, were continuous with the icy east face of Everest itself."

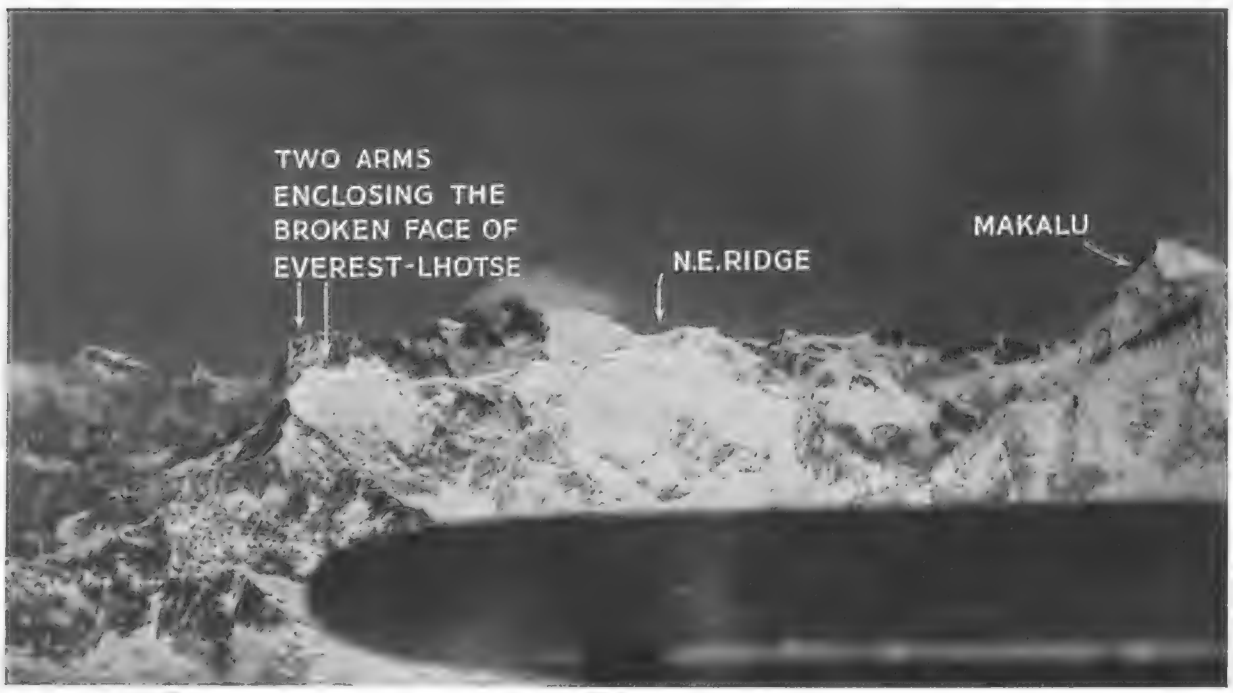
Drawn by D. Macpherson

DIAGRAMMATIC VIEW OF THE FLIGHT TOWARDS EVEREST AND LHOTSE SHOWING POSITION OF THE TORN FACE OF THE EVEREST MASSIF: This diagram shows approximately the line of the outward and return journeys of the first flight to Everest, when the photographs given here were taken. The wall of the Chamlang ridge and the great west or south-west wall to the left stretched out like two great arms over which the aeroplanes had to pass. These arms evidently enclose a big river valley. The triangular butt-ends of Lhotse-Everest close the valley

EVEREST : AST



A FIRST SIGHT OF THE TORN SOUTH-WESTERLY FACE OF LHOTSE-EVEREST: A vision of astonishing interest to the student of Everest greeted the observers as they approached the peak. Two great arms or walls of rock appeared to left and right, and in between a torn mass of huge triangular rock ends rose towards the plume which veiled the upper part of the giant peak



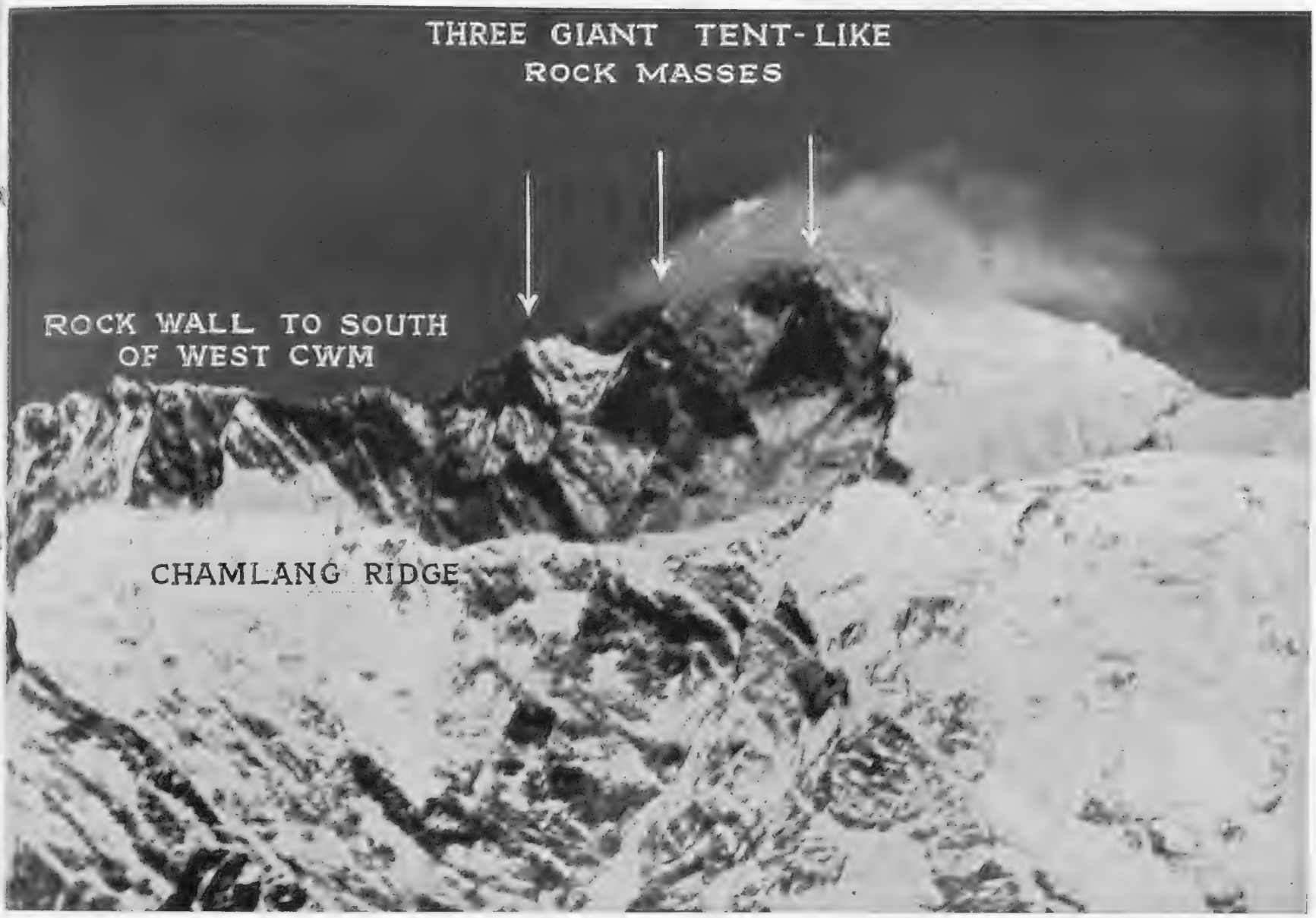
THE SILHOUETTE OF THE EVEREST MASSIF STRETCHING WEST TO MAKALU: This view was taken on the return journey when the machines took a course a little to the east of their outward track. The two great arms in front of Everest have closed up from this angle

THE GREAT TENT-LIKE MASSES ON THE TORN EVEREST: Towards the right three of the form the south-western face of Lhotse-Everest ruggedness. They apparently stretch upwards snow plume towards the summit

THE OUTLINE OF EVEREST AND LHOTSE THE SOUTH-SOUTH-EAST: This view was previous land expedition, and shows the in Everest, the snowy eastern face, the two sma plume blowing from the summit. The picture camp of the 1921

The most remarkable feature revealed by the Everest pictures is the astounding ruggedness of the south-westerly face of Lhotse-Everest. Three giant tent-like masses of rock with sharp triangular ends thrust themselves towards the astonished spectator. No record of this torn sector of the Everest massif had before been made, and it is these pictures which add greatly to our knowledge of the mountain. Another striking feature is the giant arm of rock which stretches out like a cliff towards the south-west. A

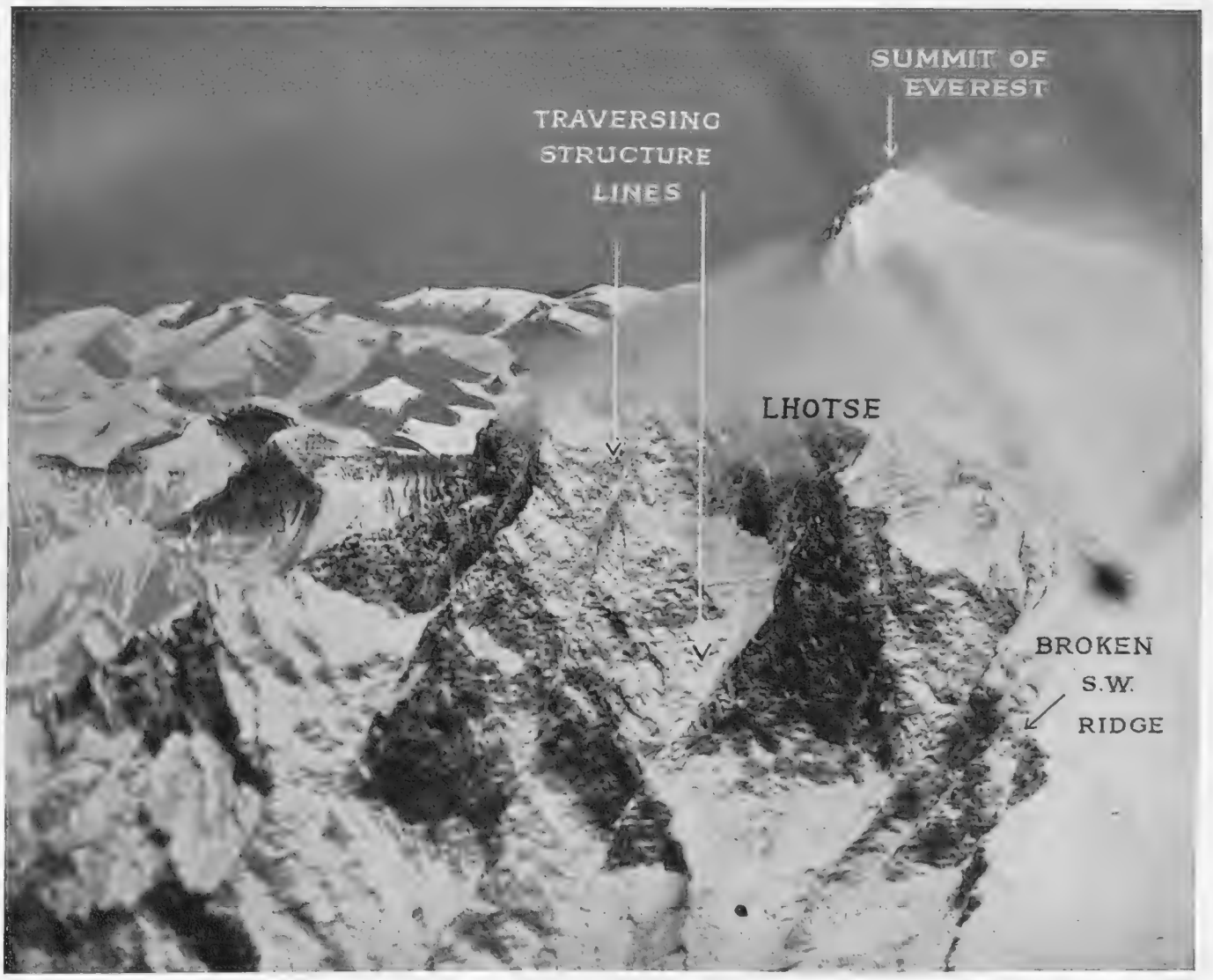
OUNDING RUGGEDNESS of the S.W. FACE REVEALED



ROCK FACE OF LHOTSE-giant tent-like masses which are shown in their appalling and backwards through the of Mount Everest

PEAK AS SEEN FROM taken on the occasion of a mate connection of Lhotse with peaks at the shoulder, and the was taken from the 20,000 ft. expedition

close-up vision of the great south-west rock face is shown on the right—this was evidently taken as the 'planes were swinging towards the western side of the peak. Geologists will note with interest the three or four downward traversing lines indicating the structure of the rock mass of Everest.



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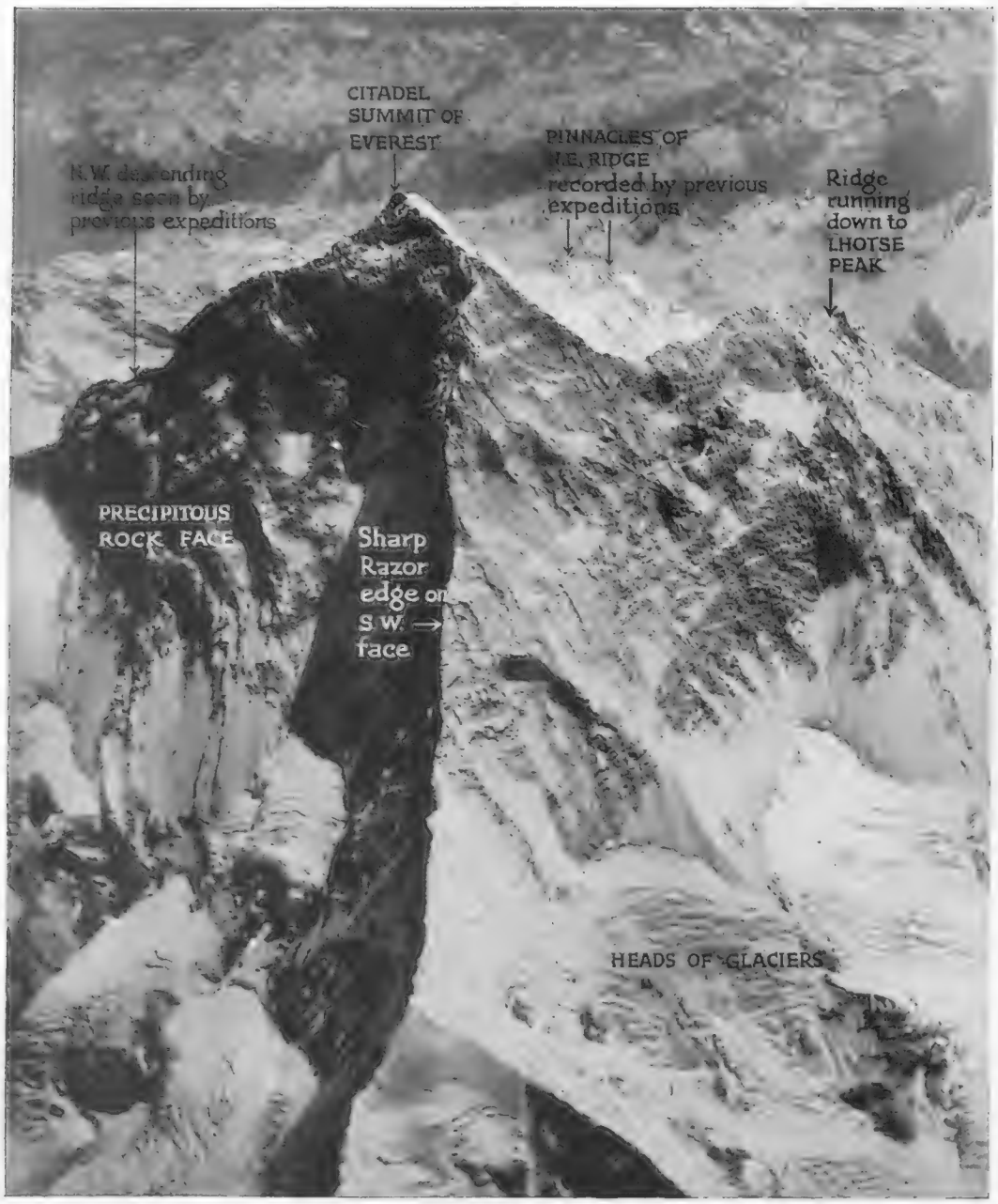
EVEREST'S PLUMELE

Mystery Pictures which Cannot be Satisfacto
Others which Reveal Interesting Details o



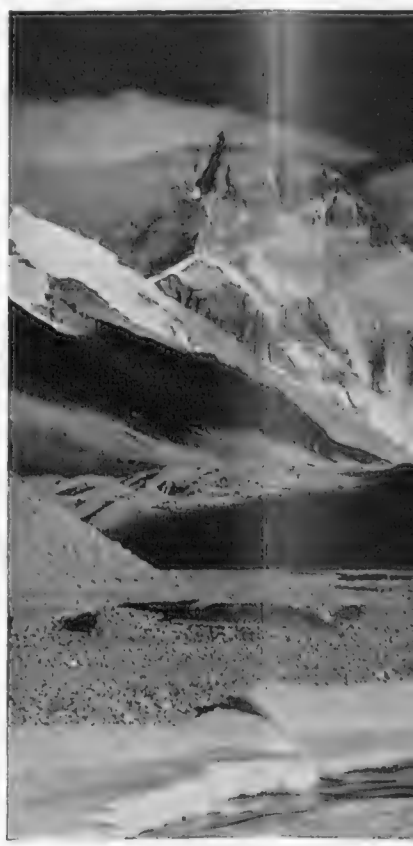
NO SNOW PLUME? This picture, taken from one of the Houston-Everest 'planes, has already aroused considerable speculation. Officially it purports to show the peak of Everest "slightly from the north-west." This somewhat vague indication of position has left experts considerably puzzled, and some of them are at a loss to place this striking knife-edged ridge in relation to other known features of the peak. One solution would be that it is taken from the south-west and not from the north-west. In this case there would be on the left the ridge seen by previous expeditions and in the middle distance would be part of the famous north-east ridge. But all these surmises are rendered doubtful by the fact that there is no evidence of a snow plume from what otherwise looks like the citadel of Everest

THE CITADEL SUMMIT OF EVEREST VIEWED FROM ABOVE WITH TH
SOUTH-EAST: The flyers had just passed over the summit and were
carelessly truncated cone," as one of the previous climbers has describe
mass of Everest

Further views taken by the Houston-Everest flyers are given
double page. Some of them undoubtedly show the summit
giant peak, and one of them is of especial interest in that it
the East Rongbuk glacier. Two other plumeless pictures are, ho
arousing much comment and criticism. Are they Everest?

Drawn by D. Macpherson

DIAGRAMMATIC VIEW OF THE SNOWY EAST FACE OF EVEREST WITH THE POSITION OF LHOTSE INDICATED ON THE LEFT: This diagrammatic view shows the easterly and south-easterly face of the peak which is on this side always covered with a white mantle of snow. It is this more or less conventional snowy mountain face which breaks off so abruptly to the torn and hitherto unseen south-west face

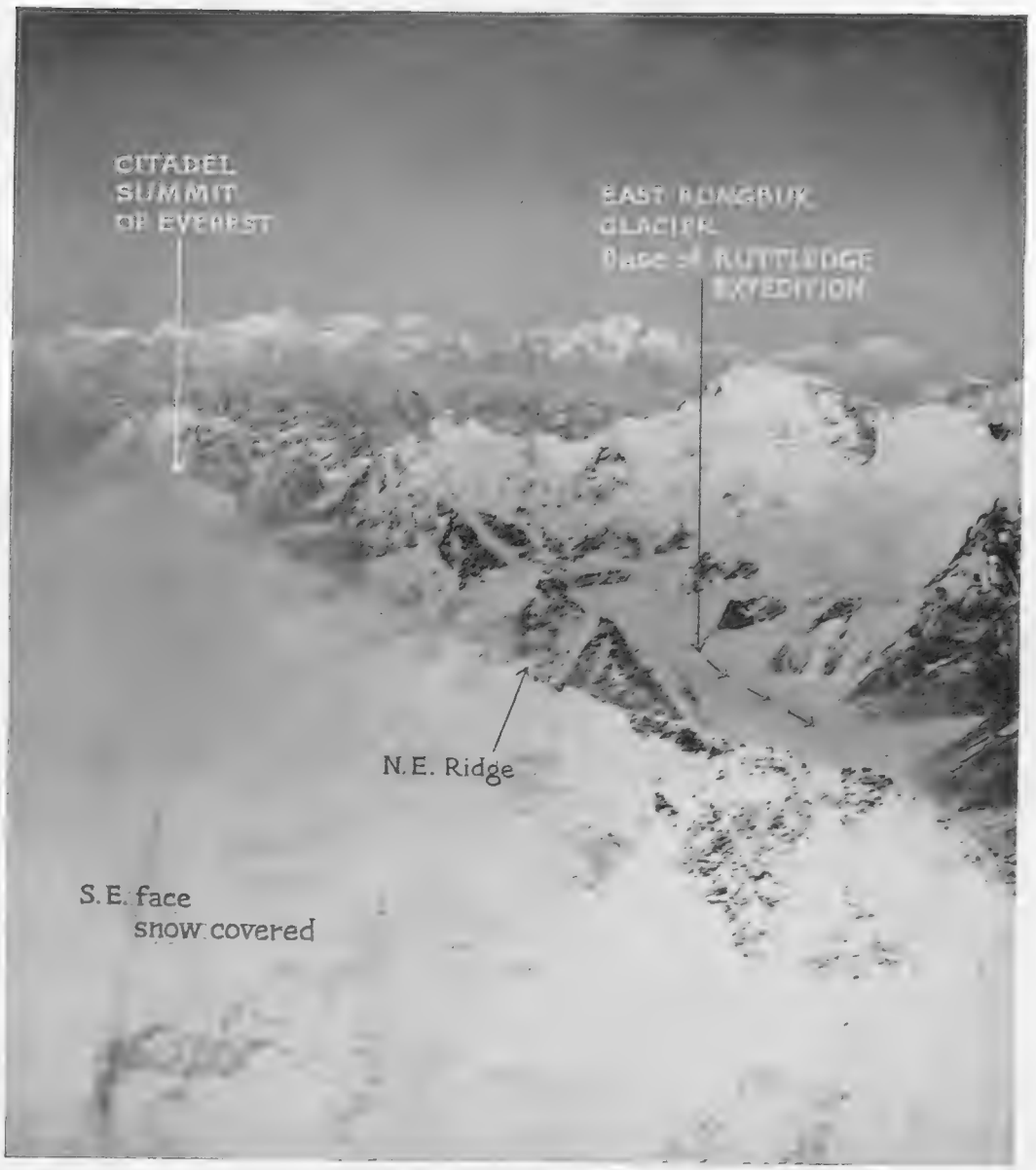


THE WINDSWEPT NORTH FACE: This vi
a previous land expedition from the Ro
shows how the wind perpetually clea
face of its mantle of powdered

UMELESS SUMMIT?

Cannot be Satisfactorily Identified and
nteresting Details of the Giant Peak

ABOVE WITH THE SNOW PLUME BLOWING TOWARDS THE summit and were moving eastward. Below them "was the little limbers has described it, which serves as a summit to the ponderous mass of Everest



THE RUTTLEDGE EXPEDITION BASE IDENTIFIED: As the flyers passed round towards the north-east they took this downward vision of the summit and of some glaciers towards the north. The one shown here to the right is evidently the east Rongbuk glacier where the base camp of the present Ruttledge land expedition is established. The snow plume from the summit is seen blowing to the left of the picture

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how the summit of the
interest in that it shows
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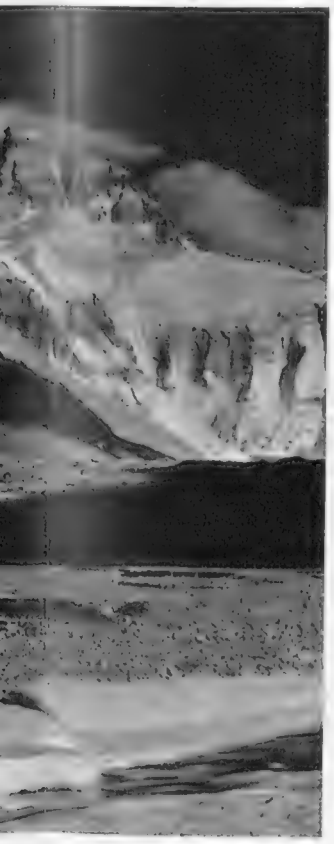

ORTH FACE: This view taken by
xpedition from the Rongbuk glacier
wind perpetually clears the north
mantle of powdered snow . .

"Times" World Copyright Pictures

AGAIN NO SNOW PLUME VISIBLE: This is at present the mystery picture of the Everest photographs. From what point was it taken? Experts are unable to make its topographical details coincide with the official description and the results of previous land expedition photography and surveys. If it is a part of Everest, and not of an adjoining peak, the "climbers' path" would not be in the foreground but far away round to the right where the great 1,000 ft. snow wall of Changla links the north peak with the climbing ridge of Everest

A CAVALCADE OF SPORT

An Exhibition Valued at £700,000

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE CONSUMMATION OF TENNIS SKILL: The Davis Cup presented by Mr. Dwight Davis for the International Lawn Tennis Championship. In every lawn tennis loving country in the world the cup is looked upon as the peak of tennis achievement, and on account of the number of nations which compete, must be regarded as the most truly international of trophies

THE LORD MAYOR OPENS THE NATIONAL SPORTING TROPHIES EXHIBITION: Sir Percy Greenaway at the opening ceremony at Shell-Mex House. He is seen standing near the *Sporting Life* Marathon Trophy

THE ASCOT GOLD CUP: The famous trophy won by the Duke of Portland in 1902. At the Ascot meeting, where every race is of outstanding importance, the Gold Cup is nearly always competed for by some of the finest thoroughbreds in training, a victory in this race setting the seal on a classic winner's fame and considerably enhancing its value for breeding purposes

A very fine phrase has been coined by Sir Noel Curtis Bennett in reference to the National Sporting Trophies Exhibition at Shell-Mex House. He calls it "a cavalcade of sport." And indeed it is. With the sole exception of the Football Association Cup which, to the extreme surprise and annoyance of the sixty-two leading sportsmen on the committee, was summarily refused by the controlling body, there is hardly a trophy you can think of which is not on show. There are no fewer than nine Ascot Gold Cups and a similar number of Waterloo Cups in the various show cases. It is interesting that the Ascot Gold Cup is the only gold cup which is really gold, or so Lord Westmorland told me as he took me round on a personal sight-seeing show of the Exhibition.

No wonder the Exhibition, which was to have closed to-day, has been reprieved. It has been conservatively valued by the London and Lancashire Insurance Company at £700,000, which at once raises the query as to which of these priceless and entirely unique trophies are assessed most highly.

Well, here is a list, headed by Porter's Plate, of which very few people have even heard, and which deserves a paragraph to itself later on:

	£
John Porter's Plate -	5,000
Jim Mollison's aeroplane, *Heart's Content* - -	3,000
The Elcho Shield - -	2,000
The Ashes - - -	2,000
The Westchester Cup -	1,000
The Schneider Trophy -	1,000
The Davis Cup - -	200

Lord Lonsdale's whole collection is valued at £7,500: that of the Royal Automobile Club at £4,270; that of the Prince of Wales, which includes his two small silver golf cups won at Coombe Hill, at £253; and so it goes. They are all irreplaceable. But there are eight policemen, ten watchmen, and six private detectives constantly patrolling Shell-Mex House to see that all is well. There is also a private telephone to Bow Street from the Exhibition. So there should not be much risk to the insurance company in connection with the 2s. 6d. per £100 which is the flat rate of the premium throughout the £700,000 and amounts to a total of something under £900.

But let us return to Porter's Plate. It is the property of the Duke of Portland, and is intrinsically worth a few shillings at the present price of silver and horsehair. But what horsehair! It contains hairs from the tails of twenty-five classic winners collected by John Porter, the famous trainer, who was Steve Donoghue's first employer. They include Flying Fox, St. Simon, Amiable, Mrs. Butterwick, La Roche, and goodness knows whom else.

Mollison's aeroplane, scrawled with slightly improper jokes in Spanish by South American admirers, is in a corner by itself, flanked by the Seagrave Trophy won by Amy Johnson and her Aviatrix statue for the best flight of the year. The Ashes' small red urn is magnificently insignificant to look at, whereas the Davis Cup with its huge silver salver is large enough to bathe a four-year-old child in completely. Incidentally, it has not been in England for twenty-one years, which is rather shaming. The Westchester Cup has also been a stranger from these shores for twelve years, and is likely to stay away for just as long again. It is of silver, with a number of figures seated on polo ponies.

FLYING FOX, GALOPIN, DIAMOND JUBILEE: Strands of hair from famous racehorses that conjure up the victories of giant performers of another era, incorporated in a silver plate presented to the Duke of Portland by his famous trainer, John Porter, in 1900

Until Lord Westmorland told me, I had no idea that the Schneider Trophy was never going to be competed for any more. We won it three times, and apparently that is that. Once you have seen it you realize how silly it is to call it the Schneider Cup. It depicts a winged child kissing the central figure of a trio floating on their backs in the sea—or "the drink," as transatlantic pilots and others call it. Another kissing trophy, and a highly entertaining one, too, is the Wimbledon Mixed Doubles trophy. It depicts a girl being dragged up to his saddle bows for a kiss by a mounted Cossack. When one thinks of the proprieties forty years ago it becomes all the more unusual. The Ladies' Doubles, for no good reason, is just a Cossack without a girl. Round the corner is the Gordon Bennett Trophy. I felt rather sorry for it. Nobody pays any attention to it or knows anything about it. Ballooning is too out of date, I suppose. It is a huge bowl in bas relief with Red Indians paddling against a background of early steamers. If it is symbolic the symbolism escapes me.

One of the tallest trophies is the cup for the World's Professional Sculling Championship. One of the most interesting is the pair of shoes worn by Tom Sayers when he defended his championship for the last time. The casual observer will look with amazement at the long, sharp nails on the soles—as long as those of a sprinter—until he remembers that seventy-five years ago you fought in a field on the borders of two counties, or anywhere else where the police were not likely to arrest you for disturbing the Queen's peace.

Two cups with an interest to those of German birth are the Baden-Baden Gold Cup, won early this century by Sir Arthur Weigall's late father-in-law when the Baden-Baden race week was King Edward's favourite meeting; and the huge silver Imperial Cup, with a photograph of King Edward on one side and that of the Kaiser on the other. It was presented by the latter to the owner of *Valdora*, the yacht which won the special race between Dover and Heligoland on June 18, 1904. Another yachting trophy is the silver model of *Britannia*, which Sir Philip Hunloke persuaded the Royal Yacht Squadron to lend. Until now only members of the Royal Yacht Squadron had ever set eyes on it. Strangely enough, it is valued at only £150. It is priceless really.

Out of all the famous sportsmen who have lent trophies, Lord Desborough stands out as being infinitely the most brilliant and versatile. At Harrow alone he won fourteen cups. The first was the House mile handicap in 1870. In his last year he won the School single-stick cup, the School Eleven bowling prize, the School steeplechase, the School throwing-the-hammer, not to mention the School mile, and the cup for the most catches in the Sixth Form games. At Oxford he won the mile handicap, the three mile handicap, the Balliol steeplechase, and the two mile race when penalized 150 yards, having just won the mile handicap off scratch in

(Continued on a later page

THE HELIGOLAND CUP: Presented by the German Emperor in 1904 and won by the yacht *Valdora*

THE WESTCHESTER POLO CUP: Lent to the Exhibition by the National Polo Association of America

THE ASHES: The famous trophy which is now in the keeping of the Marylebone Cricket Club

LONDON LIFE

Current Events in Pictures

THE RE-CASTING OF BOW BELLS: Mr. Gordon Selfridge, who has provided funds for the restoration of the great bell at St. Mary-le-Bow, was present at the re-casting last week at Messrs. Gillett and Johnston's foundry. The work of casting is seen in progress

END OF A FAMOUS BRIDGE: The old Hampton Bridge over the Thames, now replaced by a new and more spacious structure, is rapidly being dismantled

A FLOATING HEADQUARTERS FOR THE CHISWICK SEA SCOUTS: Members of the troop pulling the new 50-ton coastal barge, which they have been given, to its moorings at Chiswick. It is called the *Fairwind*

ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY HONOUR FOR L.G.O.C. DRIVER: Mr. Wright, who some time ago stopped his omnibus on Hammersmith Bridge and dived into the Thames to save a man from drowning, received the medal and certificate of the Royal Humane Society last week in recognition of his action. Mr. Wright, whom the company has promoted inspector, is seen after receiving the award from Superintendent Hicks at Hammersmith Police Station

THE NURSES MID-DAY MEAL: An every-day scene at the Homœopathic Hospital at Great Ormond Street which is now making a great drive for funds

THE DISPENSARY: Where the London Homœopathic Hospital's famous medicines are prepared

AN INDUSTRIOUS PATIENT at the Homœopathic Hospital. A circus ball and fun fair is to be held at Grosvenor House on May 10 to aid the hospital's funds

PICTURES AT THE RO

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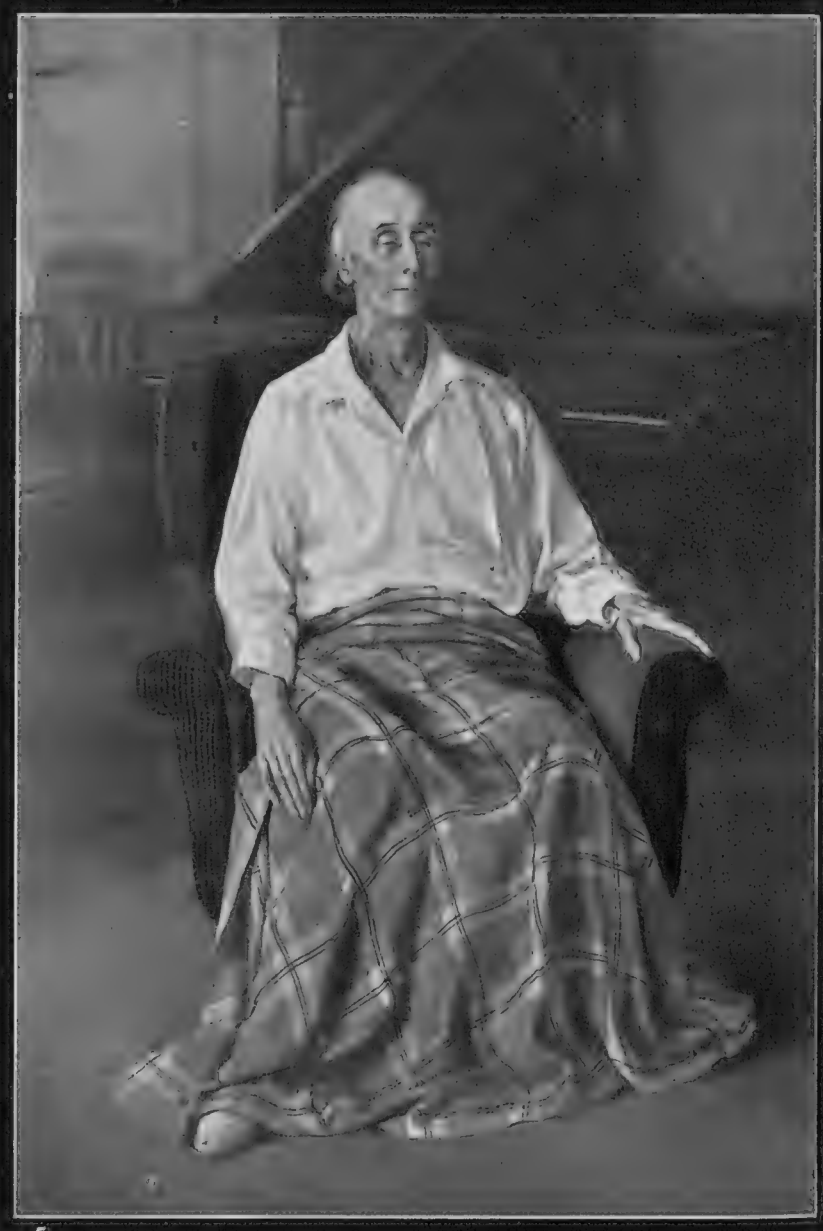

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This year's Royal Academy is naturally as important a social event as ever, and crowds have thronged the galleries both during the private view and the first days of the Exhibition proper. In our last issue we illustrated examples of the work of several prominent portrait painters, and this week give a further selection of outstanding exhibits. (1) "A Man with a Pint," Frederick W. Elwell, A.R.A.; (2) "The Four," L. M. Glasson; (3) "Reading the Will," Frederick W. Elwell, A.R.A.; (4) "Gitana Dancers Resting, Albaicin,

YAL ACADEMY, 1933

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Granada," W. Russell Flint, R.A. Elect.; (5) "Delius," H. James Gunn; (6) "A Fox for a Hundred," A. J. Munnings, R.A.; (7) "Cock of the North," Keith Henderson; (8) "The Skylark, Brighton," Charles Cundall; (9) "The Parlour Maid," Harold Knight, A.R.A.; (10) "Captain the Lord Carrington, Grenadier Guards (retired)," F. Cadogan Cowper, A.R.A.; (11) "Arthur Stannard Vernay, Esq.," H. James Gunn; (12) "Baby Anne's Breakfast," Mark Symons; (13) "Ancestors," Helen Mackenzie

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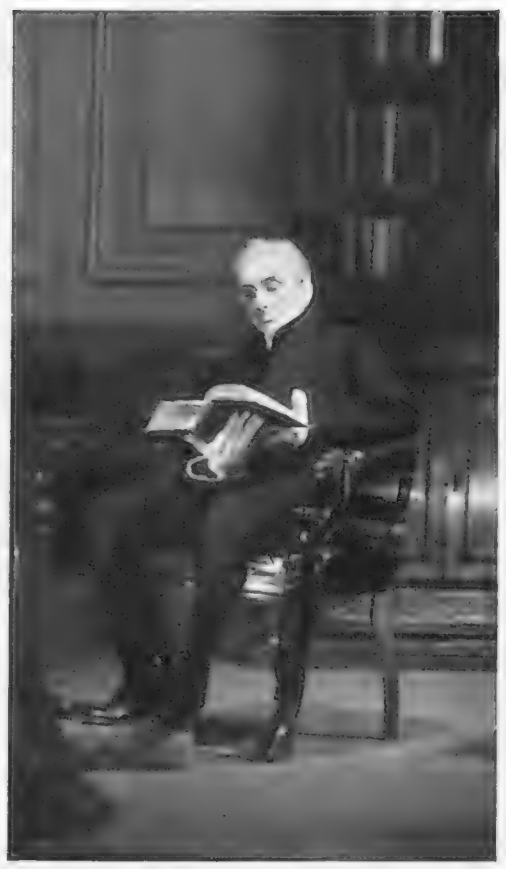
THE JOVIAL BRAMWELL: Emily Brontë, played by Dorothy Black, and her happy-go-lucky brother, Bramwell Brontë, Denys Blakelock, in a scene from the new play at the Royalty



THE REV. PATRICK BRONTE, played by Alfred Sangster, the author, reads his family Bible in the Brontë home at Haworth

AN HISTORIC MEETING: Charlotte and Anne Brontë visit their publishers, Messrs. Smith, Elder, who expect the arrival of two men, and Charlotte severely trounces the famous Thackeray for his errors in *Esmond*. The part of Charlotte is taken by Lydia Sherwood, and that of Thackeray by Henry Wolston

Another scene from the Brontës showing the death of Emily, the author of *Wuthering Heights*. In spite of the protests of her sisters the courageous but obstinate Emily refused to give in to her illness until the very last gasp, and insisted upon carrying on with her household duties. The play is drawing large audiences to the Royalty Theatre

SCENES FROM "THE BRONTËS"

PLAYS of TO-

"When Ladies Meet"—Marie Tempest Play at the Lyric: Douglas Byng Excels "The Brontes"

The Lyric Theatre now has a mystery drama, the mystery being that Miss Marie Tempest should have elected to appear in a play with the structure of which she has nothing whatsoever to do. Drop Miss Tempest out of *When Ladies Meet* and the story would not be altered one iota. I do not say that this incomparable comedienne would not be missed. But her sole job seemed to be to lend her house to a set of people far less interesting than herself, and to pop in and out of a bedroom lending her guests dressing-gowns and face creams.

Like Suzuki in *Madame Butterfly* she had to potter about on the outskirts of the drama without being really a part of it. Since only one act of the three is drama at all, her task was the more thankless. She had, however, some fairly amusing things to say and, being an expert in this line of country, made them sound much better than they really were.

Miss Crothers has given us a "literary" heroine, which is always a dangerous thing to do. They are so apt to be Prigs Intellectual, the very worst type of prig.

One could only hope that Mary Howard wrote better than she was made to talk. She unburdened herself on a balcony to Jimmie who adored her and suffered from unrequited love, but by no means in silence. If instead of letting her prattle on about her loneliness, the things in women that men like, woman's place in the world, male selfishness, and the rest of it, he had put her across his knee and spanked her, he *might* have won her then and there, though I do not put that forward as an infallible treatment for women novelists. But then there would have been no play.

Mary, moreover, was in love, or thought she was, with her publisher, a gaunt Don Juan with a booming intensity in his voice. He was married, and Jimmie, with the double purpose of bringing her to her senses and making her jealous, introduced Mrs. Publisher to her under another name. The two women liked each other, and the novelist had a second opportunity of airing her views on marriage, a wife's duty, sex, before a sympathetic listener.

The publisher surprised them in their discussion, his wife having no idea of the mutual (but not, apparently, guilty) passion of her husband and the novelist. She had forgiven him many times, but this was the limit. Their marriage is broken, and we are left to suppose—though here there is some obscurity—that the faithful Jimmie will marry Mary.

In that case a tendency to drink (very tactfully done by Mr. Owen Nares in Act I) would probably be turned into chronic dipsomania through a wife talking novelese at the breakfast, lunch, tea, and dinner table.

Miss Mary Newcomb, the publisher's wife, brought the play to life in her one big scene, in which she was very fine indeed. Miss Tempest could only, as I have said, hover about and apply the brightening whenever the opportunity came her way.

Miss Ann Todd had in Mary an irritating person to portray; but she was, I think, miscast. Possibly perplexity caused that constant false emphasis.

Those who made the *revue intime* of the André Charlot brand the vogue at the old Vaudeville, are approaching middle-age now. That makes for unfavourable comparisons and unfair ones too. For Charlot's *How D'You Do?* at the Comedy is well up to his own standard, which in this type of entertainment is a high one.

The main fault is still the same—rather feeble little sketches which end in a swift "black out" not justified by the point, or rather the lack of it. But sketches which are worth while are extremely difficult to find. Noel Coward, who has written some poor ones in his time, pointed out in one of his books that it is not easy to be incredibly witty to order in a playlet which has to be performed before black curtains and, usually, by the less competent members of the company, the others indulging meanwhile in a quick change.

But if there is not one really good sketch in this revue, the bulk of the remainder of it is excellent fun. An episode in which Nero and Boadicea chat about Bacchanalian revelry in the Forum at Rome is so strong—in more senses than one—that it does not need an unconvincing introduction.

Mr. Edward Chapman, a Nero-cum-Laughton with the accent of Chorlton-cum-Hardy, shows that he is equally at home in the broadest of broad comedy. Everything he does in this revue is first-rate.

DAY: By PHILIP PAGE

has a Thankless Task in the New in "How D'You Do?" at the Comedy: at the Royalty

Mr. Douglas Byng is a droll of a more fantastic type; his female impersonation showed complete mastery of the treble voice and the double meaning. His songs and his patter are not for babes or at any rate only for babes of unpleasant precocity. But he justifies everything he says and does (and it is not so very terrible after all) by his humour. His cabaret experience puts him on good terms with his audience at once: he is an even finer artist of his type than Mayol.

André Charlot has always had a penchant for the "artistic" ballet of immense solemnity. In *The Legend of Berenice* he has picked a dull and pretentious one, smarmed over with Debussy-and-water, stale water at that. But the ballet in the second (and far superior half) more than atones for it; the music is healthy and bracing, and the dancing up to the standard of *Les Matelots*.

Mr. Arthur Macrae does useful work throughout: his imitation (burlesque) of Mr. Noel Coward is superb, and should not offend even those who are "mad about Noel."

If the remainder of the many Brontë plays to come are no worse than *The Brontës* at the Royalty, no prospect need be feared of a series of evenings as dull as Haworth vicarage.

That is not, of course, very high praise and for this effort on the part of Mr. Sangster (who, in addition to having written the piece, plays old Brontë cleverly) higher commendation is deserved. Yet it is difficult to go further than saying it has sincerity and a certain quiet charm. It is less of a play even than most chronicle plays.

I cannot for the life of me explain the present overwhelming craze to attempt to dramatize the lives of three people whose circumstances were so essentially undramatic. The success of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* cannot have been the sole spur.

Charlotte and Emily Brontë (for Anne was almost a complete cipher, though, as played by Miss Helena Pickard a most attractive one) had their worries and troubles, as does everyone else, sheltered or unsheltered by a country vicarage. But the only tolerably exciting thing that happened to them was that they all died rather young; the fact that they were good writers and one of them a genius does not make this thrill us the more when we see them portrayed on the stage of a theatre by three healthy young women.

Charlotte and Anne do their dying "off"; we see only Emily in her last throes. Miss Dorothy Black is too good an actress not to be interesting. Here, however, I consider she struck a wrong note. There was tragedy in Emily's character, but surely nothing of the tragedy queen about her. Yet evidence is so scanty that Miss Black could probably put up a case.

Miss Lydia Sherwood was the shrewd, kindly, sensible Charlotte to what I imagine to be the life. The Heger scenes were overplayed.

The play is not so sombre as might be expected. But except for the scene in the publisher's office, it is lacking in a sense of the theatre. Why in that scene was G. H. Lewes made to look like Bunthorne and to talk mincingly? If there had ever been any nonsense of that sort about him George Eliot would have knocked it out of him in double quick time.

I have just seen Miss Elizabeth Bergner in the film, *Dreaming Lips*, and my gratitude is profound. Beyond a doubt she is an exquisite actress, and there seems to be no quality which she does not possess.

People are rather fond of attaching labels, but with the description of her as "the German Duse" it is impossible to quarrel; it is of Duse that she most vividly reminds me. Her voice, her hands, her subtlety, and the power that comes from restraint are astounding.

The film has in it much of the conventional "sob-story"; but it is good of its kind and extremely well done. The story is of a musician whose wife, whom he adores, falls in love with a famous violinist. Shall she go with the man she loves on his tour round the world? Or shall she stay and nurse her sick husband? Pity for the husband conquers. But her misery is too great, and Elizabeth Bergner lifts the sad finale on to the plane of high tragedy. Her performance is unforgettably fine. A scene from the film is shown in the picture on the right.

AT THE LYRIC: Miss Rachel Crothers, the American authoress of the new play at the Lyric, chatting with a friend on the first night

"HOW D'YOU DO": The ever delightful Frances Day who plays a notable part in the success of André Charlot's new production at the Comedy. Her impudent foolery as the Empress Popæa provides one of the highlights of the show

ELIZABETH BERGNER, the brilliant German tragedienne, as she was in *Liebe*. In her latest film, *Dreaming Lips*, which has been showing at the Academy, she has further added to her screen successes. She takes the part of a girl-wife bound to her young husband by sentiments of affection, but overwhelmed by an overmastering passion for a famous violinist who turns out to be a friend of her husband. Distraught between her desire for the two men she terminates her unhappy existence in the river

PERSONALITIES ON STAGE AND SCREEN

Left—Elizabeth Bergner, the heroine of *Dreaming Lips*, meets the famous violinist for the first time and falls desperately in love with him. The film, the German title of which is *Der Traumende Mund*, has been drawing packed houses at the Academy cinema. *Above* — A close-up study of Elizabeth Bergner

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

"Brahms"—A Truly Readable Book About the Great Composer : Mr. John Murray Gibbon's "Magic of Melody" : A French Forsyte Saga : Some Unpalatable Truths for Leaders of the Nazi Regime : Religion at the Public Schools

MR. JOHN MURRAY GIBBON, author of *Magic of Melody*, which has just been published by Messrs. Dent

BRAHMS: The frontispiece from Mr. Murdoch's book which has just been published by Messrs. Rich and Cowan

Mr. William Murdoch the pianist has produced a book on Brahms. He says simply, on the first page, "My sole reason for writing this book has been that I wanted to." Every author should be able to preface his book with this reason, which, if adhered to, would save us the reading of much rubbish. It is reasonable to suppose that if a man wants to write a book earnestly he will succeed in spirit if not in letter. Mr. Murdoch is not a literary man. There is evidence of this in many places, but he has succeeded in writing a readable book about a great composer (*Brahms*. Rich and Cowan. 15s.). He has divided his study into four parts: biography, Brahms as a man, the pianoforte works, and the chamber music. The last two sections of the work will not interest the general reader; they are written for musicians. But the biographical section, which occupies half of his long book, presents us with an intimate picture of a Germany that is for ever dead, and of a society of small Courts, of duchies, and principalities. Born in 1833, at Hamburg, the son of a double bass player who could scarcely make a living, Brahms came of the peasant stock of Holstein. He showed musical talent early. Of all forms of genius music always reveals itself early. It would be interesting to know whether there was ever any musical genius who has not demonstrated his gift before the age of fifteen. Authors, poets, and painters are often late starters. They frequently change their enthusiasms; musicians never. From the moment when a genius can climb on to the piano stool he remains faithful to the master-bias of his soul, and never deserts his muse. Musicians are the most temperamental of all artists, but in this respect they are constant. Brahms was not an attractive person. He was shy and often rude. As a youth he was received with the greatest kindness by Liszt.

The great man was living like a prince at Altenburg when Brahms came to him. It was the age when a *maestro* had a court of his own, and dukes and countesses allowed a man of genius to behave like a stableboy. Liszt, a big-hearted, generous fellow took young Brahms' compositions and played them with astonishing *brio*, a feat of sight-reading that bewildered and delighted the shy young composer. But when Liszt played a composition of his own the young man went to sleep. "Would he have slept if he had had more of his own compositions in his satchel, and Liszt had been kind enough to play them?" asks Mr. Murdoch. "Most certainly not. But there was also a queer trait in the character of Brahms. He was inordinately jealous, quick-tempered, and bitter about other contemporary composers. Liszt was exactly the opposite. He renounced his extraordinary career as a virtuoso at thirty-eight, just when he was at his zenith, making fortunes, turning the heads of women of all countries and all social positions, to live in the quiet, secluded town of Weimar, where he could teach, write, conduct, and befriend all who required help or shelter. He forgave the younger and then unknown man at once." In his hour of fame Brahms would have nothing to do with England. He declined an honorary degree at Cambridge because he disliked the inconvenience of travel, and had the impression that England was the most unmusical corner of Europe. Years later, when the world was showering honours upon him, he was offered 10,000 marks to come to London and conduct Henschel's orchestra. He declined the offer, but explained, "You really ought to know that solely love of comfort, laziness if you like, and aversion to concerts prevent my going to England, but equally so to St. Petersburg or Paris."

He was devoted to Clara Schumann, but he played tricks on her. He was a devoted friend, but an intense enemy. He was recklessly generous in money matters. He was often sly in his way of rendering help. He told his father to study his copy of *Saul*, when things were going badly. One day, in trouble, the father consulted the score, and found the copy was stuffed with banknotes. Brahms wanted to leave his whole fortune to Dvorak. He was not always so friendly to fellow musicians. He was brutally frank with Tschaikowsky, which accounts probably for the latter's opinion of Brahms. "I cannot abide him. Whatever he does, I remain unmoved and cold." Mr. Murdoch in his most readable book follows the rise of Brahms' reputation into the second place after Wagner. I have no ability to judge his study of the pianoforte works and the chamber music, but regarding the biographical section of this book I cannot think of a better compliment to the author than to say that reading it is as enjoyable as his own playing of Brahms. Indeed, he might well have started his book by declaring that he wrote it because he loved playing Brahms. He has justified his escape from the keyboard to the writing desk.

A second book on music, but of a very different nature, is Mr. John Murray Gibbon's *Magic of Melody* (Dent. 5s.). I should not be surprised if this book raised the ire of genuine musicians, for Mr. Gibbon has found a form of amusement with his composers. To half-a-dozen of their compositions he has added words. Many of us have played with the idea, adding words to Chopin's compositions. They induce a pleasant melancholy that starts one wondering what was in the composer's mind when he wrote them. Read in cold blood, Mr. Gibbon's verse-poems are awful, but I remember that I was once so enchanted with a recitation of verses to the playing of one of the *Polonaises* that I asked for a copy of the words, only to discover that they were the most awful rubbish. So perhaps Mr. Gibbon's words take on a glamour with the music. Mr. Gibbon adds some chatty notes about the composers he selects, some bars of their music, and some illustrations. Anyhow, Mr. Gibbon goes the right way about it, the music first and then the words. He would not meet with Handel's famous reproof—"Vat? You teach me music? De music is goot music. Dang your vorts! Here (thrumming on his harpischord), here are mine ideas. Go and make vorts to dem!"

The Thibaults is a translation of Roger Martin du Gard's *Les Thibaults* and contains the first two volumes, "Le Cahier Gris" and "Le Penitencier." This version, translated by Stephen Haden Guest (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.), places before us a book which has had a great success in France. The original is a six-volume novel, a kind of French *Forsyte Saga*. It tells the story of a typical French family, following it through two generations, from a stern old father to his two sons, of strongly opposed temperaments. The success of this Thibault series lies in a whimsical transcription of French life, with a grim excursion into a phase of reformatory life. It deals wholly with modern French life, is garrulous and diverse in its portraits. My chief criticism is the looseness of the form, but for many this will constitute a charm. The writing is always close to life, and the characters are extremely friendly.

If Mr. Theodor Plivier has already published his novel, *The Kaiser Goes—the Generals Remain* (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.), in Germany he will certainly be in trouble. The present Nazi régime will find many unpalatable truths in this most able reconstruction of history. Herr Plivier, whose striking book, *The Kaiser's Coolies*, dealing with the revolt in the German Navy, will be recalled, has put in the form of a novel a vivid story of the events in the autumn of 1918 when Germany, faced with utter defeat, was cracking up. He gives us the scene in the Reichstag, with Prince Max of Baden as Chancellor, and the War Councils at Spa, with the contrary advice given to the Kaiser by his entourage. Prince Max was the bridge between the diehard Conservatives and the Democrats. What will the Nazis make of Herr Plivier's summing up of the German attitude?

BOOKS TO READ

ROYAL DUKES, by Roger Fulford (Duckworth. 12s. 6d.).

FILM, by Rudolf Arnheim (Faber and Faber. 15s.).

A VERY GALLANT GENTLEMAN (OATES), by L. C. Bernacchi. (Thornton Butterworth. 8s. 6d.).

THE DOG OWNER'S GUIDE, by Eric Fitch Daglish. (Dent. 7s. 6d.).

THINGS I HAVE SEEN, by Sir Charles Oman. (Methuen. 8s. 6d.).

MRS. VAN KLEEK, by Elinor Mordaunt. (Secker. 7s. 6d.).

TUNCHI, by Carl Liddle and David Thibault. (Appleton. 7s. 6d.).

THE YACHTSMAN'S PILOT, by E. Keble Chatterton. (Hurst and Blackett. 21s.).

"Nor were the aims of German foreign policy any more spiritual throughout the years 1915–17. During that period yet other ambitions held the day. The Junkers coveted the East as so much new German agricultural land. Thyssen, Stinnes, Krupp bespoke the iron-fields of Longwy and Briey for German industry. The Generals demanded Belgium as a pledge and Antwerp as a bridgehead against England. The business of the politicians was to popularize these demands: for these the soldiers had to fight, the workers to sweat, and the whole people to starve. Germany desired to annex land and to exact war tribute." Herr Plivier claims to have kept to strict historical truth. His picture of the mutiny at Kiel, the panic at German G.H.Q., the chaos of Berlin under a threat of Communism is brilliantly drawn. The tragedy of a great nation that had overreached itself, falling into ruin, is most impressively presented. This swift and vivid narrative of Germany's agony is a remarkable achievement.

Mr. Arnold Lunn in *Public School Religion* (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.) has collected the views of the headmasters of Eton, Westminster, Leys and others on the teaching of religion in the Public Schools. In an excellent preface Mr. Lunn complains that the religious side of instruction is deplorably scamped. "Infinite trouble will be taken to coach a boy for a Balliol scholarship or a place in the eleven, because modern England attaches importance to scholarship and Blues, whereas modern England attaches very little importance to Christianity." He complains that if Tompkins drops a catch the whole school goes into mourning, but if Tompkins drops his faith nobody cares. There are eight representative contributors to this excellent discussion of the teaching of religion, and all sides of the question are fairly canvassed. One contributor, Mr. Hollis, points out that "the most respectable of uncles gives the most respectable of nephews Kipling's *If*, and recommends it to him as a guide to life. Yet Kipling's man, jumping about the map like a cat on hot bricks, lives by a code as completely untinged with Christian values as any that has come out of Moscow. Christ did not say 'Blessed is he that makes good,' nor did He praise anyone, except possibly Zacchæus, for getting to the top of the tree."

Captain Felix Riesenberg's *Log of the Sea* (Cape. 10s. 6d.) is the notebook of a seafaring man who has seen great changes come over the Mercantile Service. In the matter of the treatment of the hands, the brutalities of thirty years ago are quite incredible. Here is all the lore of the sea. It is the story of a ceaseless and fearful battle with the elements, the saga of men whose lives were worth only a few shillings a day, who were mercilessly thrashed, starved, and jettisoned, who sought the protection of the Courts in vain. This book is rich in human character, in strange stories, in episodes of heroism, in the weird, the ludicrous, and the tragic. Waterspouts, typhoons, mutiny, nothing comes amiss to this log, a gold mine of sea-lore.

The Blasket Islands lie off the Kerry coast in the south-west corner of Ireland. The largest is five miles long. The world knows nothing of this island, but the islanders fish and own sheep and cows. When one passes such a place on a ship one wonders how the people live and what their interests are. Here, in *Twenty Years a-Growing*, by Maurice O'Sullivan (Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.), our curiosity is amply satisfied. This is an Irish autobiography dealing with the raw material from which Synge took his dramas. This is a kindlier narrative, full of humour and Irish whimsicality. The book has been written in Irish by a young native of the island and is a genuine document, and not a piece of faked folk-lore produced by a week-ender from Bloomsbury. This is real homespun Irish, and proud of it.

General Krassnoff will be remembered by his novel, *Kostia the Cossack*. In *Largo* (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.) he has produced a very long novel that still follows the epic style but gives us the St. Petersburg in the years preceding the War. The story centres around the infamous Beylis case and presents a society that was heading for the abyss. The weakness of the Government, spying, bribery, oppression, the cults of the time, the ignorance of the poor, the licence of the rich, all these things fill the General's pages. He is inclined to overload his story with detail. There is no poverty of invention but a pageant of life as varied as it is passionate. For those who like a long, lively novel, in the best tradition of the Russian pre-War school of fiction, this is the book.

"QUEEN OF THE NIGHT": This beautiful cactus with the euphonious name grows and blossoms in the inland plateau of the South African karroo and receives sustenance from a rainfall of but 12 in. a year. The blossoms, exquisite in flower, are about 6 in. in diameter and apparently open on the same night as one another once every year, unfolding at sunset and closing for ever as soon as the sun grows hot the following morning. When two or three hundred of these blooms are open at the same time the air for great distances is laden with their sweet, heavy scent

"AERANGIS BILOBA": This delicate orchid, which comes from tropical West Africa, is the rarest and most fragile of the species, and at the moment is claimed to be the only example of its kind in England. Its cultivation is extremely difficult, and it is only by studying its native conditions of growth and the varying degrees of light, shade, and temperature needed at various seasons that the gardener is able to obtain even moderately successful results

ONE NIGHT OF SPLENDOUR

The Night-Flowering Cereus in Africa and Venezuela

A PHYLLO CACTUS BUD: A rare and beautiful bud from one of the world's most curious forms of vegetation. The Phyllo cactus is copiously branched and, like other examples of the species, usually thrives in desert lands where the water supply is almost negligible

DAMA DE NOCHE: The Venezuelan night-flowering cereus in bloom

IN FULL BLOOM: The cereus, seen fully open at 10.30 p.m.

A "Sphere" reader in Caracas, Venezuela, has sent us two remarkable illustrations of the Venezuelan variety of the night-flowering cereus. He points out several interesting differences between these and the Costa Rican plants which we reproduced in our issue of August 20 last. In Venezuela the night-flowering cactus is usually known as Dama de Noche (Lady of the Night) and begins to open at approximately 8 p.m. At 10.30 p.m., when the illustrations shown above were taken, it is fully open; by 1 a.m. it has begun to fade, and before dawn this transitory flower is usually dead

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A NORFOLK BEAUTY SPOT: A 1933 Singer Nine saloon in the grounds of the Holm Close Country Club, Brundall, near Norwich. Originally built as a private residence, this beautiful house has been turned into a country club by its owner, Mr. W. T. Balding

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

A SEASONABLE OBSTRUCTION.—Now that springtime has arrived we frequently meet road trains all over the country. Fairs and circuses change their sites frequently and each time they move the traffic along the route they follow is slowed down considerably. Why our law-makers saw fit to limit the length of a motor vehicle without apparently attempting to make it unlawful to drive what really amounts to a good-size train along our road beats me. Only the other day I came across one of these trains proceeding towards Reading along the main road from Maidenhead. At an interval of 20 yards it was followed by another still longer, and then there was a long queue of probably twenty vehicles of all kinds and shapes. Surely this bulky traffic is far more suited to go by train, but if it is permitted to use our roads for transporting itself from place to place it should move in single units without trailers. I have not yet read an account of an accident, whether fatal or otherwise, where the man responsible pleaded that the cars or lorries in front caused an obstruction through their slow speed, and that in desperation he made an attempt to pass. It must happen practically every week, but because the person responsible is technically guilty of bad judgment or something worse, his excuse if uttered is probably not reported.

UNIFORM RADIATORS.—At one time, though really at all times until about twelve months ago, I, in common with most other motoring people, could distinguish practically any car in the distance by the design of its radiator. To-day I find such a task extremely difficult, and I am certain that the reason is not due to my taking less interest in motoring matters than before. No, the trouble started when someone put a thin metal ribbon down the centre of the radiator. I cannot remember who exactly started the fashion, but the Daimler Company were certainly one of the first, and they used this line in order to distinguish their Double-Six models from their 6-cylinder cars. Personally, I cannot see anything frightfully attractive in this design, but others apparently did, with the result that manufacturers fell over themselves in their haste to copy. At the same time most makers dropped their distinguishing shape of radiator with the result that British radiators as a whole are now losing, if they have not already lost, their individuality. In my humble opinion it is a great mistake, and I hope that the tendency will not spread, so that we shall lose the well-known designs as seen on such cars as Daimler and Rolls-Royce.

After the central metal ribbon had been adopted someone had a brain wave, and placed a wire grid in front of the radiator proper. Someone will, of course, suggest that this development came to us from the racing world where stone guards are usually fitted to radiators. I do not think, however, that this was really the case. In a way it is not displeasing, and although some radiators to-day look like the front of a meat safe this grid is definitely a factor of safety and should protect the delicate cooling tubes of the radiator proper. I sincerely trust that next year, or rather at Olympia this year, we will not see our British manufacturers imitating the Americans and giving us radiators with a turned-up chin almost like a snow-plough in appearance. I think, almost without exception, every American motor car of 1933 design has this type of radiator.

EASY MOTORING.—The Wilson gear box is, I think, destined to play a greater part in the development of motor-car design than it has even at this moment. Messrs. Armstrong Siddeley and the Daimler Company both deserve the greatest credit for being amongst the foremost in appreciating the benefits which this gear box gives to the motoring public. It has taken a long time to drive the lesson home, but to-day it is almost universally recognized that some kind of easy gear change is essential. No motor car worthy of the name will be seen at Olympia this year without a Wilson gear box, synchromesh gears, free-wheel, or some other device which will make gear-changing easy and silent. What a pity it is that the internal combustion engine is not more flexible, for if it were anything like a steam engine all this attention to gear boxes would not be necessary. Some day or other the internal combustion engine may be far more flexible; in fact if some of the brains which at the present moment are being directed towards the solving of the gear box problem were to be switched over to the engine itself, with the object of improving its flexibility, we might have some startling results.

Of all the cars I have driven the Rolls-Royce, whether it is the 20-25 h.p. or the new Phantom model, approximates more closely to the steam car as regards flexibility Even with ordinary straight petrol I find I can put my foot hard down on the accelerator pedal on a stiff gradient with the spark fully advanced and there is no sign of knocking on top gear. The car will gradually increase its speed unless, of course, the slope is outrageously steep and there is no noise or fuss to be discerned. We want more cars to have similar characteristics, and it is only a matter of time before the really true flexible automobile engine is produced.

REMINISCENCES OF STEAM.—Having mentioned the steam car it reminds me that only the other day I found myself in conversation with some friends deploring the fact that this type of automobile did not receive the same amount of attention as regards development as did its petrol-driven competitor. Who can forget the amazing performances of the White and Stanley steam cars? In our Brooklands Race Cards to-day we still publish probably the most flattering testimonial to their merits that could be devised. At the head of the list of entrants the B.A.R.C. still prints for each race these words, "For motor cars in racing trim, propelled by means of internal combustion engines only."

As a youth I well remember a white steam car streaking up Ballinaslaughter Hill in County Wicklow and, I think, beating everyone else with the utmost ease. One thing that always struck me about a steam car was the difficulty in finding the engine and then, having found it, to believe that it could possibly propel the vehicle at any speed at all. Whether it was really so diminutive or not I cannot say, or perhaps it only looked small as compared with the bulky boiler, and, of course, it was this latter essential which killed the steam car so far as the public were concerned. Old ladies and timid maidens did not relish the idea of sitting on top of a boiler which frequently showed its complete contempt of the occupants by blowing out its fusable plug, or safety valve, or whatever it was called, and enveloping the passengers in a very unpleasant cloud of steam.

THE PASSING OF A PIONEER—It is with sincere regret that I have to record the death of Sir Henry Royce. There was no person in this country who had done more for the British motor trade and he bore a name which through his own energy, foresight, and thoroughness is probably the best known in the whole world. It would have been an achievement to have gained a reputation for building the best car of British make, but to have succeeded in having one's product acclaimed even by competitive nations to be the best possible was and is something which is unique. The fame of Sir Henry's products is even greater than that, because throughout the whole world, whether it is in the motor industry or in any other trade, "the Rolls-Royce of anything" immediately means the best procurable. It is, indeed, fortunate for the British motor trade and for the nation in general that Sir Henry lived to a good old age and no doubt has been able to impart his high ideals to others connected with his firm so that there will be continuity of policy and practice.

AN INSURANCE SNAG.—Quite recently a motorist was fined for driving a motor car without being in possession of a third-party insurance policy. As a matter of fact the driver thought he was covered as he was in possession of an ordinary policy, but when

(*Cont. on p.* 224)

BY ROAD TO THE CUP FINAL, FROM THE AIR

ACCESSORIES

An outstanding and very versatile "fact" that can practically dispense with accessories is shown below. It is a Jean Duval ensemble in navy blue wool romaine and blue and white crêpe de chine. The caped tunic-coat has box pleats in front and opens to reveal the frock beneath. This can be worn either with short or long sleeves, for the lower part is made separately and is held in place beneath the puff by an inset elastic band. This model comes from Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road, and can be copied most advantageously

To complement a simple restaurant gown Agnes designs a little black straw hat which rises on the left side to a choux of spotted tulle. The coquettish tulle ruffle is a clever interpretation of one of the infinitely subtle meanings of *chic*

A demure dark frock acts as a background for a quaint silver collar that is obviously related to the Eton variety. This, with its long silver cords and the fascinating Le Monnier hat in beige straw, would lend gaiety to a too severe dress

AFTER THE FACT

Of a different type — a beautifully tailored suit and coat that depend upon well-chosen accessories for much of their distinction. Made in heavy white linen, the little jacket has large brown buttons, and the top coat has cleverly widened shoulders. Richard Sands, of Sloane Street, accents its cool simplicity with a gaily checked scarf and an amusing hat that has a detachable brim

To have too many jumpers is almost an impossibility. To have one like this is a matter for congratulation, for it is as useful as it is decorative. Designed by Chanel, in silk and wool, it has an interesting looped neckline through which is threaded a long tie, the wavy stripes giving it a square-shouldered effect. At Woolland Bros., of Knightsbridge, it is available in excellent combinations of colour

Belts are important, and a striking collection may be found at Woolland Bros. At the head of the picture below is a wide webbing belt that has been made on a hand loom. Fastened with leather straps, it can be woven in practically any colours. Beneath it are two belts, the first composed of metal plaques and leather, and the second studded with steel. The coiled belt is of plaited leather

Photographs by Peter North

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

POLAND: A Land of Historic Associations and Outstanding Natural Beauty

A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY STRONGHOLD: The ruins of the historic castle of Troki seen from the air

It is only a few years since Poland emerged from her post-War difficulties, but through wise government the country has made tremendous strides, and her cities and beauty spots can now be seen by the traveller without any fear of inconvenience.

Poland is certainly a country of outstanding interest for the tourist. Natural beauties, in many places still quite unspoiled, stand side by side with the products of Western civilization, and numerous artistic and historical monuments present the student of history with an almost inexhaustible field for research. To reach Poland is not as difficult a matter as one might at first imagine. Railway connections with the rest of Europe are excellent, while there is also a regular aeroplane service between Warsaw, Cracow, Poznan, Lwow, Katowice, Danzig, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and Prague.

LWOW FROM THE AIR: A view of one of Poland's oldest and most beautiful cities

In the north-west of Poland the visitor should certainly see the Baltic coast and the lovely lakes and forests which abound in the neighbourhood, while the old towns built along Poland's greatest river, the Vistula, are rich in monuments and historic associations.

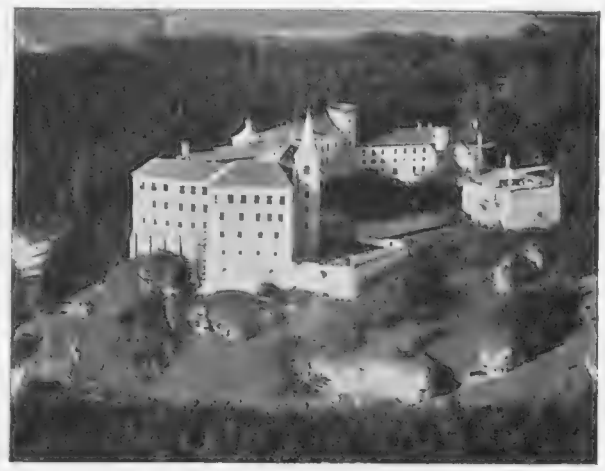
Perhaps the most outstanding town in Poland to-day is Gdynia, one of the world's fastest growing ports, which, mushroom like, has sprung up in a few years and now presents an outlet to the sea of which Poland may well be proud. From Katowice in Silesia a railroad has been built to the new port, and mineral and freight trains are constantly bringing to these well-equipped docks the coal and the dairy produce for which Poland is fast finding a world market. After leaving the coast and reaching the rocky country beyond, the traveller enters a land of great forests and lakes. There is an unusual beauty in those shining surfaces of water set in emerald green meadows and dark forests, and it is an unforgettable sight when in the spring and autumn they reflect either the delicate tints of the young foliage or the rich colours of the dying leaves. The effect is as though a costly mosaic had been laid on a sumptuous blue ground.

Of all the cities of south-eastern Poland the most attractive to the tourist is Lwow. It is magnificently situated on the great road leading to the Balkan States and the Black Sea and, industrialized though it is, is remarkable for the many lovely parks with which it is surrounded. Standing on picturesque hills, these parks communicate directly with the grounds of the Eastern fairs where exhibitions are constantly being organized. Lwow has a history stretching back for many centuries, and more than once since its foundation has been conquered by invading forces. In 1705 it was taken and sacked by Charles XII of Sweden, and in the two centuries previously was attacked by the Turks. No traveller in Poland should fail to pay a visit to Warsaw, the capital. This city, too, has passed through many vicissitudes, and more than a few of its precious monuments of bygone times have been destroyed. Although the aspect of the town is more or less modern, the old part known as the Stare Miasto is full of picturesque back streets, and has a beautiful and original market place, surrounded with old painted houses and a Gothic cathedral dating from the fourteenth century. But the real pearl of Warsaw is the Summer Palace of the Lazienki, the home of the last Polish ruler, King Poniatowski. The palace is situated on an island among wide-spreading lakes in an immense park, and of all the beautiful monuments of the country may be said to be the most perfectly situated.

THE MARKET SQUARE OF SANDOMIERZ, a delightful old city on the banks of the Vistula

The Polish peasants still retain many ancient ceremonies and customs, especially at the time of the annual church holidays such as Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, while on All Saints Day various ceremonies take place which date from the very earliest times. There are also traditional customs connected with the end of the harvest, when the tenants offer to their landowners wreaths made of flowers and corn.

The ceremony is known as "Dozynki."



THE PIESKOWA SKALA CHÂTEAU: One of Poland's historic sights

The "Dozynki" at Spala is at the same time a display of the various national costumes worn in Poland which in many parts of the country are still exceptionally striking. In the district of Lowicz, near Warsaw, the peasants wear special woollen cloths made of homespun striped material.

Among the mountaineers white richly embroidered cloths prevail, while shells and ribbons of different colours on the black hats add charm to the general aspect. The most picturesque, however, are the costumes worn by peasants in the Cracow district.

Poland can be reached from Britain by air, sea, and a short sea and land journey. The distance from London to Warsaw is approximately 1,100 miles. Perhaps the most comfortable route for those who can afford it is that from London to Warsaw via Berlin and Danzig on the Imperial Airways and Luft Hansa Services. The fare is approximately £11 15s. By sea there are the London-Gdynia and the Hull-Gdynia routes, departures from London and Hull taking place every Friday by the Polish-British Steamship Company and the United Baltic Corporation. On the steamship and railway route the boat may be taken to the Hook of Holland, and the journey continued to Poland via Berlin and Warsaw. Excellent first and second-class sleeping accommodation is provided in the train. Another railroad route is from Calais to Berlin, and then on to Warsaw, but this is slightly more expensive. In Poland itself there are daily services in summer and tri-weekly services in winter by aeroplane between the various cities. The cost is moderate and can be recommended for comfortable travel.

NAPOLEON'S ISLAND: ELBA

To reach the historic island of Elba the visitor should make for Piombino on the Italian coast, and after a three hours' voyage will reach Portoferrajo, port of Elba. On landing off the ferry the visitor arrives at the very spot where on May 4, 1814, Napoleon landed. The Emperor's house, illustrated in the accompanying pictures, lies within the bastion and overlooks the city. The garden is surrounded by walls of fortifications, which thereabout are not very high. In this way it was an easy thing for the Prisoner of Elba to effect his escape and, with the help of his trustworthy party, scale the wall, and successfully reach Cannes. The house, which now serves as military offices, was during the ten months of its occupation by the Emperor the scene of gay, social intercourse under the patronage of Napoleon's mother and sister Pauline. Nothing reminds one now of those memorable days but the gorgeous view from the garden terraces over sea and island which still remains unchanged.

NAPOLEON'S BEDROOM in the Villa San Martino which he occupied during his incarceration

The Emperor was particularly fond of his gardens and nothing was allowed to disturb him in his solitary morning walk. The Villa San Martino, Napoleon's country seat, is situated one hour's journey from Portoferrajo toward the heart of the island. The Emperor lived in this villa only a few months, but here it was that preparations were made for the flight. The Egyptian room, which reminded Napoleon of his glorious days, was not completed at the time of his escape. Close by the villa stands the Napoleon Museum erected by Prince Anatil Demidoff, whose intention it was to assemble therein everything connected with the Emperor. But Demidoff died in 1872 before the completion of his work, and his heir Paul sold such furniture and objects destined for the museum. The few remains, however, such as the Emperor's bed, a few chairs, and the bed of General Bertrand, are still to be seen to-day in the villa.

THE BATHROOM at the Villa San Martino

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ONE MONTH OF HISTORY

(*Continued from p.* 194)

favourite flower. Bunches were sold everywhere for a Hitler fund to give poor children mountain holidays. Storm-troops were kept busy opening cases of presents—pictures in golden frames, needlework, thousands of bouquets. President von Hindenburg sent a signed photograph.

Meanwhile Adolf Hitler's complete ascendency in the "New Germany" was confirmed by the submission to himself of the Stahlhelm, private army to the Nationalists. And May 1, as Nazi Labour Day, was set aside for the biggest boom from the greatest firework display in history.

ANGLO-GERMAN INCIDENT.—Nazi indignation rumbled when a large body of British opinion was inclined to be rude. A speech in the Commons by Sir Austen Chamberlain was criticized as "the most anti-German speech for ten years." Sir Austen, after referring to persecution of German Jews, described the new spirit of German nationalism as "the worst of the old Prussian Imperialism with an added savagery, pride, and exclusiveness."

The German Chargé d'Affaires in London protested at the Foreign Office against British Parliamentary criticism of domestic German conditions.

AIR TRIUMPH ——.—Two aeroplanes, piloted by Lord Clydesdale and Flight-Lieut. D. F. McIntyre, with Colonel R. V. S. Blacker as observer and Mr. S. R. Bonnett as photographer, flew over Mount Everest on April 3, with only 100 ft. to spare.

Weeks of elaborate preparation at their base in Bihar preceded the first flight over the greatest peak in the world, never yet shown to human eyes. They reached at one time a height of 31,000 ft. Approaching Everest, the planes were forced downward by the tremendous current over the mountain, and 1,500 ft. were lost despite all efforts to climb.

The single mishap was a fractured oxygen pipe belonging to Mr. Bonnett, who became faint and experienced violent stomach pains while taking cinematograph films. He repaired the damaged pipe with a pocket handkerchief. It might have cost his life.

Bad weather ruled out a second flight for further photography. The expedition was ordered home. Then on April 19 came what *The Times* described as "a magnificent piece of insubordination"—a second flight made in uninsured aeroplanes and against orders. Packing had begun; pledges to learned societies seemed likely to be unfulfilled. The weather suddenly cleared of gales. The leader, Air Commodore Fellowes, bedridden for three days with a high temperature, gave his consent to a short flight for film purposes. A "reconnaisance" became a full, unauthorized flight over Everest—with not enough oxygen to allow for anything more than exact success. Fortune smiled, and a Nelson-esque chance barely succeeded.

——AND DISASTER.—The American airship, *Akron*, largest in the world (volume in cubic feet, 6,500,000; cost £1,075,000), crashed in the sea off New Jersey during a thunderstorm while carrying seventy-seven officers and men, including Rear-Admiral William Moffett, chief of the U.S. Naval Bureau of Aeronautics.

Soon after the *Akron* left her base on a practice cruise she wirelessed "All well." The next wireless, from a German tanker, was the S O S: "*Akron* afloat off Barregat Light, seventy-seven men on board. Cannot save all."

Only four survivors were picked up. They included Lieut.-Commander Herbert Wiley, second in command, who described how the airship ran into a heavy thunderstorm, began to shift about violently, and descended stern downwards. Ballast dropping was of no avail, the rudder control was carried away, the airship crashed into the sea. Most of the crew, at their stations in the control car, were carried under the water and drowned. "Discipline was perfect to the last."

EXIT PROHIBITION.—Midnight, April 6–7, was "Beero" hour in most of the United States. Light beer—"three-point-two" in its alcoholic content—was then permitted by a new law. It was the end of a fantastic experiment, lasting fourteen years, to make a nation teetotal.

Bells, syrens, and hooters welcomed the change. Aeroplanes rushed presentation cases of beer to the White House, for the President's table. Some breweries gave away drinks to all comers in any old receptacles brought. Chicago fired blanks from revolvers, and drank, before the dawn, 300,000 cases and 70,000 barrels.

It was estimated that the new Beer Bill would put a quick £5,000,000 into the U.S. Treasury and would eventually bring an annual revenue of £80,000,000.

PASSING OF A GREAT JUDGE.—Mr. Justice McCardie, popularly known as "the Bachelor Judge," was found dead in a chair in his London flat, a gun between his legs, and the base of his skull shattered by a gunshot wound inflicted through the neck. A pull-through string passed between foot and thumb by way of the trigger-guard. The Westminster coroner, recording a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind, mentioned the dead judge's repeated attacks of influenza, which left a poison affecting the nerves, and set up weakness and profound depression. "Yielding to a sudden attack of impulsive insanity he has terminated his troubles by ending his life."

He was known to the public as a judge with a habit of giving from the bench sane but startling opinions on such topics as birth control, conjugal rights, and women's dress.

All the judges sitting in London assembled to hear Lord Chief Justice Hewart express sorrow at "the loss of our dear brother McCardie in such tragic and deplorable circumstances."

ANOTHER ROYAL ACADEMY.—The London Season had its habitual unofficial opening at the Private View of the Royal Academy Exhibition. View and Exhibition were much as usual. Early indications were that the public might take as its "picture of the year" Mr. James Gunn's very poignant portrait of the blind composer, Delius. One of the canvases by Mr. Glyn Philpot, R.A., had been withdrawn by the artist, to conform to the Hanging Committee's ideas of modesty. Mr. Augustus John was not present.

Mr. Jacob Epstein's earlier exhibition of sculpture and bronzes was acclaimed almost as though he had become an Old Master.

WOMEN IN THE NEWS.—Miss Mary Borden (Mrs. Spears), well-known as novelist, published a book called *The Technique of Marriage*, and the popular Press concentrated on her suggestion that the honeymoon should be abolished. She described it as "very often a painful, difficult, disappointing, and nerve-racking experience both for the man and the woman." Extracts from interviews:

MISS MARGARET KENNEDY: "It is great fun, and a gloriously happy time, and over all too soon for most people."

THE HON. MRS. REGINALD FELLOWES: "I certainly enjoyed my honeymon—all of them. The term honeymoon is derived from a Greek word meaning oneness. . . . I wonder that that Puritan-minded Mary Borden can sleep at nights. I wonder that the lovely hearts of all the great lovers of history do not haunt her and on the stroke of midnight dance madly around her bed."

MRS. CHARLES SWEENY (formerly the Whigham, just back from her honeymoon): "Abolish honeymoons! What an idea! Why I adored mine! . . . I frankly confess I needed the rest of a honeymoon. There's such a rush before—wedding presents, thanks, people, and the ceremony. I was a wreck. . . . I won't tell you my husband's funny little ways, or anything about it, except that the full moon shone from Panama to the West Indies, and we had honey for breakfast. We've planned our second honeymoon."

The Daily Express offered prizes for the best replies (*on a postcard*) to the question, Did You Enjoy Your Honeymoon?

No interview ended with the favourite quotation from Samuel Pepys.

A. B.

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THE "ANGLO-AMERICAN YEAR BOOK"

The *Anglo-American Year Book, 1933*, published by the American Chamber of Commerce in London, has once again made its appearance. It is a most valuable work of reference, and through accurate revision and improvement provides a really up-to-date guide to Anglo-American commercial activities. This year an enlarged classified trades list has been included consisting of approximately 8,500 names of firms, while the usual features which have made the Year book so useful in the past are once again imcorporated. An excellent chapter on "English Law for Americans," by J. Arthur Barratt, K.C., will prove of considerable assistance to American visitors, while a further chapter on "Opening Up an American Business in Britain" is a feature of the very first importance for the business man who has not previously had much acquaintance with this country. The book is published by the Chamber at 10s.

THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from p. 217)

he was stopped by the police he was engaged in a reliability trial, a proceeding which often invalidates a motor policy. Drivers should look very carefully into their existing policies and see if participation in reliability trials, etc., prevents them from claiming whilst actually running in these events. All policies are not the same, but it is just as well to be certain rather than sorry.

THE SPEED LIMIT AGAIN.—For the first time since the old speed limits were abolished an application for a 30-mile speed limit in the City of Oxford has been successful and has, therefore, been granted. Personally I do not want to travel faster than 30 m.p.h. in Oxford, and probably nobody else does either. Still, I am very sorry that this old business of speed limits should start again, and although there were special circumstances in the case of Oxford there is a grave danger of other cities and towns starting agitations for the imposition of similar restrictions.

I really cannot see what this 30 m.p.h. speed limit is going to achieve as I understand that the ostensible reason was to obviate damage to buildings from vibration and interference with the studies in the colleges through noise. A motor lorry is at the present moment subject to a 30 m.p.h. speed limit throughout the country, and so the new limit does not alter the position for it. I can quite well visualize a heavy lumbering lorry going through at even 10 m.p.h. shaking the buildings far more than an Austin Seven or Morris Minor passing through the streets at 40 m.p.h. Again a speed limit has nothing whatever to do with noise. I cannot, therefore, see why the application was successful.

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS' GOLF CIRCLE MEETING: Mr. Dudley Maddick driving from the 1st tee at Ifield Golf Club, Sussex, during the competition for the Maddick Trophy

DISABLED SOLDIERS' EMBROIDERY INDUSTRY

H.R.H. the Duchess of York has kindly consented to sell at the annual exhibition and sale of work executed by the Disabled Soldiers' Embroidery Industry (Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street) which will be held at 35, Lowndes Square, on May 16 and 17 by kind invitation of Violet Lady Melchett. Her Royal Highness will be assisted by the Marchioness of Hamilton, the Hon. Sheila Berry, Lady Baron, Miss Edmee Weisweiller, Miss Pole-Carew, and others. There will be much beautiful work for sale and on view, and the banner which the Ypres League are giving in memory of Field-Marshal Viscount Plumer will be exhibited. It is to be dedicated in the Ypres Church of St. George on Whit-Sunday by the Lord Bishop of London.

WAITING TO DRIVE OFF AT THE 6th TEE during the Illustrated Newspapers' meeting at Ifield. Mr. C. Bicknell and Mr. J. B. Melhuish

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—Victim of Self-Poisoning.

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

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9	0	×	7	6	7	8	6	12	0	×	9	0	11	17	0	13	6	×	12	0	17	15	6
10	6	×	7	6	8	12	9	12	0	×	10	6	13	16	6	15	0	×	12	0	19	15	0
10	6	×	9	0	10	7	6	13	6	×	10	6	15	11	6								

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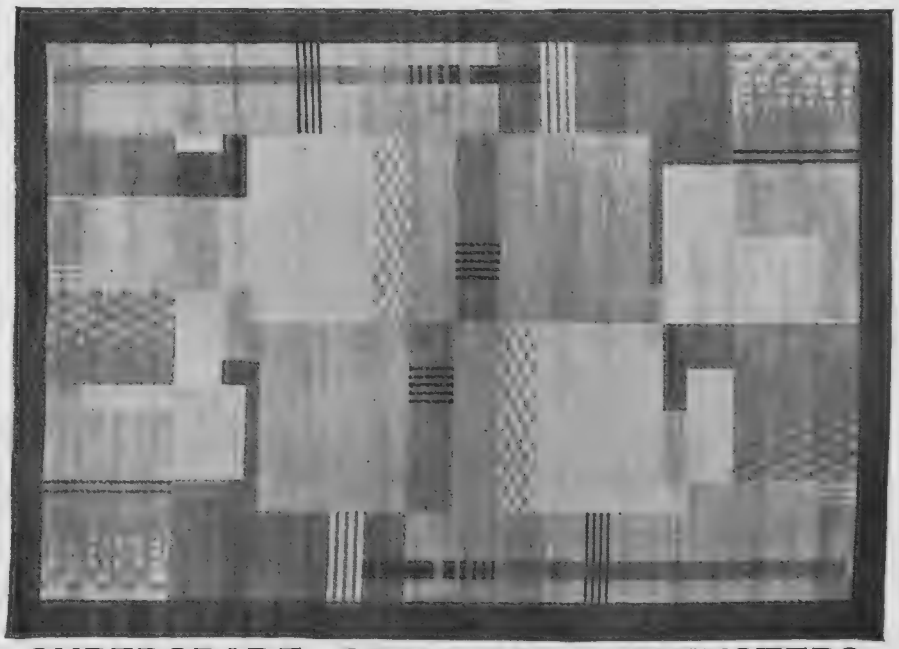
6	0	×	6	0	2	3	0	9	0	×	9	0	4	16	9	12	0	×	9	0	6	9	0
7	6	×	6	0	2	13	9	10	6	×	7	6	4	14	0	12	0	×	10	6	7	10	6
9	0	×	6	0	3	4	6	10	6	×	9	0	5	13	0	13	6	×	9	0	7	5	3
9	0	×	7	6	4	0	9	10	6	×	10	6	6	11	9	13	6	×	10	6	8	9	3



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9	0	×	7	6	5	8	9	10	6	×	9	0	7	12	3	12	0	×	10	6	10	3	0
9	0	×	9	0	6	10	6	12	0	×	9	0	8	14	0	13	6	×	10	6	11	8	6
10	6	×	7	6	6	7	0																

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A CAVALCADE OF SPORT

(Continued from p. 208)

the same afternoon. As for rowing, his cups include the trial fours, the scratch fours, the scratch eights, the sculls, the canoe race, and the 'Varsity Boat Race. His punting cups include the Amateur Punting Championship of England, the National Punting Championship, and the Open Sculling. His fencing cups include the cups won at Hurlingham and the Royal Naval and Military Tournament. His medals and oars and sculls include fencing for the Olympic Games, the sculls with which he sculled from Oxford to London in a day, the stroke oar with which he rowed from Dover to Calais in one day. There is also the dead-heat oar of the Boat Race in which he rowed in 1877, and the winning crew oar in the following year. Finally, there are the 100 tarpon scales in a frame, all of which he caught in 1899, and the prize foils which he used at Harrow and Oxford. What a collection!

His nearest rival, although he is a long way behind, is Lord Aberdare, who is a ball game specialist, of course. His feats commemorated at the Exhibition are the Singles Championship of Canada at racquets, the Doubles Championship, the American National Doubles Championship, and the Public Schools Championship. In tennis he is represented by the Bathurst Cup, the Amateur Championship, the M.C.C. Gold Racquet, the New York Club Cup, the American National Singles, and the Eighth Olympic Games.

A small but extremely impressive collection is that of the Duke of Portland. I have already mentioned the Porter Plate. The most charming is the Surrey Trophy, 1845. This is an equestrian group showing a wounded dragoon with a lamed horse. Next to him comes the Duke of Westminster with a number of cups and trophies dated back to the beginning of last century. Miss Dorothy Paget's very successful incursion into racing is shown by a large glass case full of cups.

Golfers will be entertained by the old Spring medal of the Blackheath Golf Club, which has been competed for ever since 1792, except for the War; the old Championship Belt, lent by the Royal and Ancient, which was first competed for in 1860. It looks rather like a Lonsdale belt. Tom Morris, junior, having won the championship three years running, won the belt outright in 1870. The championship remained in abeyance for two years, when the present cup was substituted. There is also the St. George's Cup, which has been assessed at £670 or so, and the President's Putter, the latest of the golf classics. It is a long silver club with about sixty silver golf balls attached by chains to the shaft throughout its length.

An echo of the old days is found in the case, lent by Mrs. Gustav Hamel, of all the trophies won by her ill-fated husband, who disappeared during a Channel flight just before the War. They include tie-pins given by the present King for demonstrating the loop at Windsor, the first prize for the figure eight speed contest in 1912 (how extraordinary this sounds!), the prize for winning the 72 mile cross-country race in 1913 in 6 hr. 22 min., and a large silver cigar box presented by Fred Terry, who died only a few days ago.

Claud Goddard and Mr. Bertram Mills share the honours in the horse section, Tom Webster being a good runner-up with Tishy's tail. And here I might just as well give the true and complete official story of the Ashes, about which there is always so much argument. It was after the match at the Oval in 1882 that the expression "The Ashes" was invented, and the phrase is due to the now defunct *Sporting Times*, which a few days after the match published the following epitaph:—

In Affectionate Remembrance of English Cricket,
Which died at the Oval on 29th August, 1882,
Deeply lamented by a large circle of Sorrowing
Friends and Acquaintances.
R.I.P.

N.B.—The body will be cremated and the ashes taken to Australia.

Immediately after this match, Ivo Bligh, afterwards Lord Darnley, "St. Ivo" as *Punch* called him, set out on a pilgrimage to Australia to recover "The Ashes." The story of how the actual "Ashes" came into existence and how they were bestowed on Lord Darnley is best told in his own words: "In 1882, after the Australians had defeated England for the first time, the *Sporting Times* had a cartoon representing the decease of English cricket, and saying that the deceased had been cremated and that the Australians were taking 'The Ashes' back to Australia. When the English eleven went to Australia in September, 1882, it was said that they had come to Australia to fetch 'The Ashes.' Three matches were played against Murdoch's Eleven, and England won two out of three. After the third match some Melbourne ladies put some ashes into a small urn and gave them to me as captain of the English Eleven." After the death of Lord Darnley the urn containing "The Ashes" passed under his will to the M.C.C. The above information comes direct from Mr. W. Findlay, secretary of the M.C.C. And the newspaper that cynically chanted the alleged demise of cricket fifty years ago is as dead as mutton, while cricket is much more lively than ever!

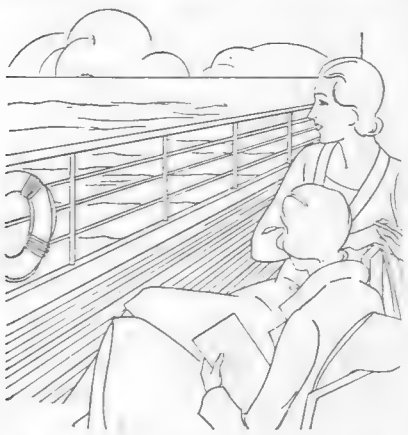
Evidently it is impossible to give anything like a complete list of the trophies, but one cannot conclude without some reference to the marvellous collections of Sir Malcolm Campbell and Lord Burghley. Lord Burghley seems to have run all over the world and cleaned up every single cup worth cleaning. He has even won a medal for throwing the javelin. Sir Malcolm Campbell shows three Wakefield trophies and three Daytona trophies, as well as a number of gold cups.

It says much for the care with which all the exhibits have been moved from all parts of the world to Shell-Mex House that only one of them met with a disaster. This is the Britannia International Challenge Trophy, presented by the Prince of Wales for outboard motor-boats. It has been cracked right across.

Having begun with Sir Noel Curtis Bennett, I might just as well end with him. Speaking just before the Exhibition opened he said "the boy without a playing field is the father of the man without a job." This exhibition is in aid of the Dockland Settlement, and looking out from the middle of all these gold and silver cups one sees a few yards away on the Embankment a number of down-and-outs. It is a fantastic contrast, and is the best possible argument in favour of your going to the Exhibition and, by paying your shilling admission, assisting in preventing future generations providing such hopeless, helpless specimens of humanity.

"LOWE'S LAWN TENNIS ANNUAL"

Do you remember the thrilling challenge round of the Davis Cup last year, when the Frenchmen, who on the first day had been on top, lost their grip of the situation, and the dauntless Borotra, with match point against him, faced almost certain defeat in the vital encounter of the series? With two sets all, and the American, Wilmer Allison, only needing one point for victory in the last, all seemed lost. Then, amid the cheering of a tremendous audience, Borotra won four games in succession and the Davis Cup for France. Few who were at the Stade Roland Garros will soon forget that day, for it is at moments such as this when tennis for the onlooker is at its best. Many will enjoy reading the graphic descriptions in *Lowe's Lawn Tennis Annual, 1933* (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 5s.), of these great encounters of last year. The vivid way in which they are written makes the *Annual* something more than a lifeless record of facts. In addition to round-by-round commentaries on the Davis Cup matches, and excellent descriptions of the Wimbledon, Forest Hills, and Auteuil championships, the *Annual* is packed with interesting and valuable information relating to tennis activities throughout the world. The performances of prominent players of last year are discussed and analysed, there is a Who's Who of the outstanding exponents of the game to-day, and the results and scores in all the leading tournaments are also included. This volume, which has been admirably edited by Sir F. Gordon Lowe, may be said to represent to the lawn tennis enthusiast exactly what Wisden's does to the cricketer.



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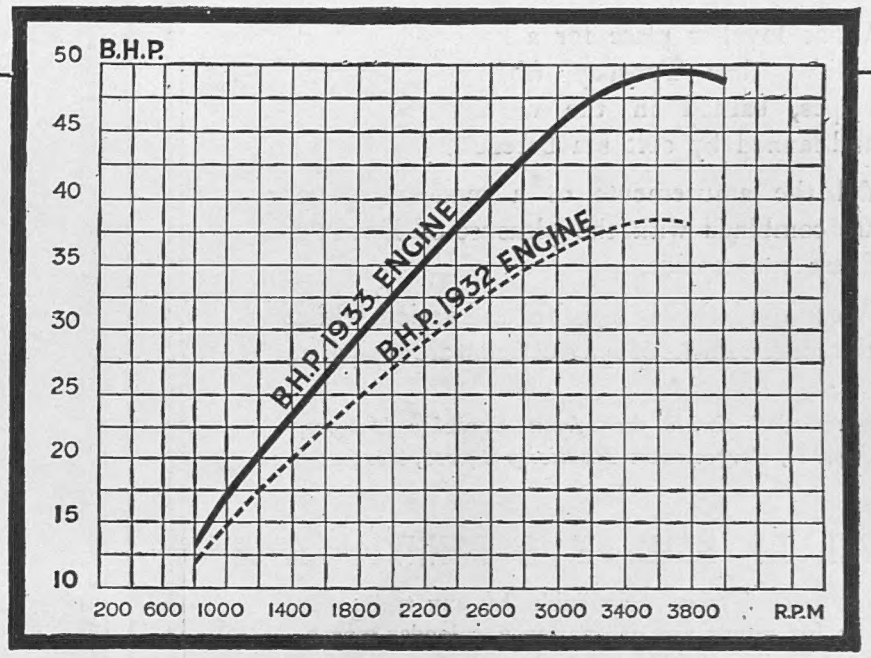

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Do. - - - Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do. - - - Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do. - - - Cromwell House Private Hotel, 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do. - - - Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do. - - - Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1
Do. - - - Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do. - - - Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do. - - - Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road. St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do. - - - New Norfolk Hotel, London Street, W.2
Do. - - - Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do. - - - Rembrandt Hotel, Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do. - - - Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do. - - - Ruskin Manor Hotel, 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do. - - - South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do. - - - Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do. - - - Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do. - - - "Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
Do. - - - West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Do. - - - Wilton Hotel, Victoria, S.W.1
Lossiemouth - Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft - - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis - - Alexandra Hotel
Do. - - Pitt House Hotel
Do. - - Stile House Hotel
Do. - - The Bay Hotel
Lytham - - Clifton Hotel

Maidenhead - - Skindles Hotel
Do. - Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone - - Royal Star Hotel
Manchester - - Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts - Midland Hotel
Matlock - - Rockside Hydro
Milford-on-Sea - Kingsmede Hotel
Minehead - - Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead Manor House Hotel
Morthoe - - Watersmeet Hotel

Newnham - on - Severn Victoria Hotel
Newquay - - Atlantic Hotel
Do. - - St. Rumon's Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Victoria
North Berwick - Marine Hotel

Northampton - Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham - - The County Hotel
Do. - - The George Hotel

Oban - - - Great Western Hotel
Do. - - - Station Hotel
Oxford - - - Randolph Hotel

Paignton - - Paignton Palace Hotel
Do. - - Paignton Hydro
Do. - - Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr - Grand Hotel
Penrith - - - Ullswater Hotel
Perth - - - Station Hotel
Petersfield - - Fern Bank Private Hotel
Portheawl - - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - - Seabank Hotel

Ramsey, I.O.M. - Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey) Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks) The King's Head Hotel
Ripon - - - Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down) - Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge - Rumbling Bridge Hotel

St. Andrews - - Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea Grand Hotel
St. Ives - - - Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea - - - Alexandra Hotel
Do. - - Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots - - Bridge Hotel
St. Neots - - New Inn Hotel
Salisbury - - Angel Hotel
Do. - - Old George Hotel
Do. - - The White Hart Hotel
Sandown, I.W. - Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough - Manor Private Hotel
Do. - Pavilion Hotel
Seaton - - - Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks - - Heathfield Private Hotel
Do. - - "Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon) Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin - - Channel View Hotel
Sheffield - - Albany Hotel
Do. - - Angel Hotel
Do. - - - Grand Hotel
Sidmouth - - Belmont Hotel
Do. - - Fortfield Hotel
Do. - - Torbay View Hotel
Do. - - Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth - Grange Hotel
Do. "Aberdalgie"
Southport - - Prince of Wales Hotel
Do. - - - Parry's Waverley Hotel
Southsea - - Gladstone Hotel
Do. - - Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold - - The Swan Hotel
Staines - - - Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer - - King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon Arden Hotel
Stroud - - - The Bear Inn
Do. - - - Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames - Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland - - Palatine Hotel
Surbiton - - Oakenshaw, Oak Hill

Taunton - - Castle Hotel
Teignmouth - - Beach Hotel
Do. - - Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe - Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury - - The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone - - (S. Devon) Rock House Private Hotel
Do. - Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern - - Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay - - Allerdale Hotel
Do. - - Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Dartmeet Private Hotel, Belgrave Rd.
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Haldon Manor Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Hennapyn
Do. - - Links Htl, Babbacombe
Do. - - Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do. - - Osborne Hotel
Do. - - Palace Hotel
Do. - - Palm Court Hotel
Do. - - Roslin Hall Hotel
Do. - - The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do. - - The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do. - - Victoria & Albert Hotel
Do. - - White House Hotel
Troon - - - Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells - Earl's Court Hotel
Do. - Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel

Ullapool - - Royal Hotel
Uxbridge - - Brookfield Hotel

Ventnor - - Rocklands Private Hotel, St. Lawrence
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel
Do. - - Belmont Private Hotel

Waltham Cross - Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick - - Lord Leycester Hotel
Wellington, Som. Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea - Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool - Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare - Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
Do. - - Crosby Hall Hotel
Do. - - Royal Pier Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks - Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay - Waverley Hotel
Winchester - - Talbot Hotel
Do. - Wellington House Hotel, Kingsgate
Windermere - - Belsfield Hotel
Do. - - Low Wood Hotel
Windsor - - The Old House Hotel
Woolacombe - Whin Bay Hotel
Do. - - Woolacombe Bay Hotel
Worthing - - Steyne Hotel

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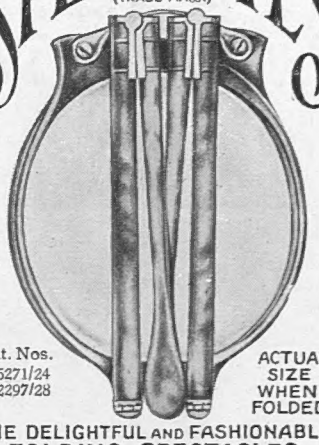

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